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Chronicle

The War.—In the beginning of the week, the Austro-German forces in Northern Italy had cut off and captured 14,000 Italian troops, 10,000 in the Upper Piave Valley and 4,000 in the Cordevole, had advanced from Belluno down the Piave p.m. Nov. 19, a.m. and were before Feltre while on the Asiago the Italian lines were heavily attacked in the sector of Gallios, Monte Longara, Hill 1674, and Meletta di Gallio. With the aid of boats the Teutonic armies subsequently effected a lodgment on the west bank of the Piave near Zenson on the southern reaches of the river, about twenty-three miles northeast of Venice. By November 14, at Grisolera, four miles from the mouth of the river, Austro-German detachments had filtered through into the marshy region between the Piave and the Vecchia, while in the north, following a withdrawal of the Italians to a new line east of Asiago, the Austrians occupied the Tezze-Lamon-Fonzaso-Arten-Feltre front between the Brenta and the Piave, and at the same time Primolano and Feltre fell into the invaders' hands. The Italian defense along the Piave stiffened somewhat, but on the northern front the enemy advanced south from Fonzaso and Feltre. On November 17, delayed dispatches from the Italian headquarters announced that the floodgates of the Piave and the Sile, or old Piave, had been opened by the Italian engineers at Grisolera, and that the whole region where the Austro-Germans had gained a lodgment a few days ago is now under water. The flooded area forms a triangle about twelve miles on each side with the apex at Dona di Piave, making a water-barrier to the enemy's advance upon Venice through the low-lying Adriatic coast region, which is also protected by Italian warships. By November 18 the Italians were holding their own at almost every point of the entire line of defense.

On the western front there has been heavy fighting all along the line. The Belgians successfully raided the enemy's posts at Nieuport, while the British have consolidated their lines on the Passchendaele Ridge and thrust back heavy counter attacks. The French War Office announces heavy artillery actions north of the Aisne in the region of Vauclerc, and on the right bank of the Meuse, in the sector of Apremont Forest.

In Palestine the British have made substantial gains.

Since the capture of Askalon, General Allenby's troops have steadily pressed forward. The first dispatches of the week reported his left wing in the neighborhood of the ancient Ashdod, fourteen miles north of the Wadi Hesi, the enemy's rear guard occupying a line along the northern branch of the Wadi Sukereir. From Wadi Sukereir, the Turks were driven a distance of five miles to the Wadi Surar, eight miles south of Jaffa, the British capturing Mesmiyeh, Katrah and Mughar and holding the line from El Tineh, on the east through Katrah and Yebnah to the sea. As a result of General Allenby's advance the junction point of the Beersheba-Damascus Railway with the line to Jerusalem came into the possession of the British. By November 16 the British had reached the line from Er Ramle and Lud to some three miles south of Jaffa, and two days later they captured the city. Since October 31 more than 9,000 Turkish prisoners have been taken.

The agreement of Great Britain, France, and Italy for the Inter-Allied War Council, which was adopted after some friction by the parties concerned and read by

The Allied War Council Premier Lloyd George in the House of Commons, November 14, is as follows:

- (1) With a view to better coordination of the military action on the western front, a Supreme War Council is composed of the Prime Minister and a member of the Government of each of the great Powers whose armies are fighting on that front, the extension of the scope of the Council to other fronts to be reserved for discussion with the other great Powers.
- (2) The Supreme War Council has for its mission to watch over the general conduct of the war. It prepares recommendations for the consideration of the Governments and keeps itself informed of their execution and reports thereon to the respective Governments.
- (3) The General Staff and military commands of the armies of each power charged with the conduct of the military operations remain responsible to their respective Governments.
- (4) General war plans drawn by competent military authorities are submitted to the Supreme War Council, which under high authority of government insures its concordance and submits, if need be, any necessary changes.
- (5) Each Power delegates to the Supreme War Council one permanent military representative, whose exclusive function is to act as technical adviser to the Council.
- (6) Military representatives receive from the Government and the competent military authorities of their country all proposals, information, and documents relating to the conduct of the war.
- (7) The military representatives watch

day by day the situation of the forces and the means of all kinds of which the Allies and enemy armies dispose. (8) The Supreme War Council meets normally at Versailles, where the permanent military representatives and staffs are established. They may meet at other places according to circumstances. Meetings of the Supreme War Council take place at least once a month.

In explaining these terms, the Prime Minister stated that the Council would have no executive power and that final decision in the matter of strategy and the distribution and movements of the various armies in the field would rest with the several Governments of the Allies, and that there would therefore be no operations department attached to the Council.

After President Wilson's speech in Buffalo to the delegates of the American Federation of Labor, November 12, the executive council of the Federation recommended

The Labor Peace Terms recommended the adoption of the following principles as the basis of future peace negotiations:

(1) The combination of the free peoples of the world in a common covenant for genuine and practical cooperation to secure justice and therefore peace in relations between nations. (2) Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed. (3) No political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and to cripple or embarrass others. (4) No indemnities or reprisals based upon vindictive purposes or deliberate desire to injure, but to right manifest wrongs. (5) Recognition of the rights of small nations and of the principle "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." (6) No territorial changes or adjustment of power except in furtherance of the welfare of the peoples affected and in furtherance of world peace.

In addition to these basic principles, which are based upon declarations of our President of these United States, there should be incorporated in the treaty—that shall constitute the guide of nations in the new period and conditions into which we enter at the close of the war the following declarations fundamental to the best interests of all nations and of vital importance to wage earners. (1) No article or commodity shall be shipped or delivered in international commerce in the production of which children under the age of sixteen have been employed or permitted to work. (2) It shall be declared that the basic workday in industry and commerce shall not exceed eight hours. (3) Involuntary servitude shall not exist except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted. (4) Establishment of trial by jury.

From the deliberations and the measures adopted by the Federation no room was left for doubt that the Government had the whole-hearted support of organized labor in the prosecution of the war.

In two messages, one cabled to the King of the Belgians on the occasion of the celebration of his birthday, the other telegraphed to citizens from six States of the

The President and the War Northwest gathered at St. Paul, Minn., President Wilson reaffirmed the determination of the United States to prosecute the war to a successful end. To King Albert, the President, among other things, says:

The people of the United States were never more in earnest than in their determination to prosecute to a successful conclu-

sion this war against that power (Prussian autocracy) and to secure for the future obedience to the laws of nations and respect for the rights of humanity.

To the gathering in St. Paul, the President wired:

Nothing could be more significant than your gathering to express the loyalty of the great Northwest. If it were possible I should gladly be with you. You have come together as the representatives of that Western Empire in which the sons of all sections of America and the stocks of all the nations of Europe have made the prairie and the forest the home of a new race and the temple of a new faith.

The time has come when that home must be protected and that faith affirmed in deeds. Sacrifice and service must come from every class, every profession, every party, every race, every creed, every section. This is not a banker's war or a farmer's war or a manufacturer's or a laboring man's war; it is a war for every straight out American, whether our flag be his by birth or by adoption.

We are today a nation in arms, and we must fight and farm, mine and manufacture, conserve food and fuel, save and spend to the one common purpose. It is to the great Northwest that the nation looks, as once before in critical days, for that steadiness of purpose and firmness of determination which shall see this struggle through to a decision that shall make the masters of Germany rue the day they unmasked their purpose and challenged our Republic.

This second message is particularly significant, from the fact that it is addressed to residents of a section where Senator La Follette and others have been preaching pacifism.

The baking business of the country is to be put on a war basis on December 10 under Government regulation. After that, loaves of standard size only may be baked,

The Standard Loaf and the industry must accept a formula prepared by the Food Administration.

There will be no more fancy rolls, in the making of which large quantities of sugar are used. The Food Administration will not demand the mixing of other cereals with wheat, a policy adopted in France and England, but the new war loaf will differ in many points from that which is baked at present. Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, believes that a saving of 100,000,000 pounds of sugar and an equal amount of lard will be effected within a year.

The acceptance of "returns" by bakers will be forbidden, thus saving, it is estimated, about 600,000 barrels of flour. It has been found on investigation that because of the "returns" thousands of loaves of bread have become a total loss. Seven cents a pound for bread under the new conditions is the mark now set where the elaborate delivery and credit systems are abandoned. The people will be asked to cooperate in a movement to reduce these overhead charges to a minimum. Authority to proceed under a licensing system was given to the Food Administration November 13. Bakers are classed as manufacturers, thus bringing them under the Food Control law. While the Food Administration has no way in which to control baking in homes, which represents sixty per cent of the total, all will be

asked to accept voluntarily, the formula which has been prepared. It is expected that there will be a hearty response.

France.—The Painlevé Ministry, as reconstituted and approved late in October, has resigned. The events which led up to its resignation, which took place on November

Painlevé Ministry Resigns 13, were as follows: On that date the Premier outlined the scope of the recently formed "*Conseil de Guerre Supérieur*" and asked the Deputies if the Government had the confidence of the Chamber and its authority to represent France at the coming conference of the Allies.

A vote of 250 to 192 gave the Ministry a slight but sufficient majority, although a number of members expressed their lack of confidence by refusing to vote. M. Painlevé then declared that he was ready to discuss the diplomatic and military policies of the Government, but requested that discussion of the internal policy be postponed until after the allied conference had been terminated, that is, until November 30. A determined effort was made in the Chamber to force the immediate discussion of recent scandals, and in particular the alleged royalist plot, the accusations against M. Malvy, ex-Minister of the Interior, and the Bolo affair. Another vote of confidence was asked, but this time the Chamber signified its disapproval of the Government by a vote of 277 to 186. It was the first time since the beginning of the war that a number of the Deputies had departed from the policy they have pursued from the beginning of the war of not hampering the Government by direct resistance. Hitherto they have been content to abstain from voting. The Ministers at once withdrew from the Chamber and handed in their resignations.

President Poincaré, on November 15, invited M. Georges Clemenceau to form a new Cabinet. He accepted the invitation and within twenty-four hours presented the new Ministry to the President. It is made up as follows: Premier and Minister of War, Georges Clemenceau; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Stephen Pichon; Minister of Justice, Louis Nail; Minister of Interior, Jules Pans; Minister of Finance, Louis Klotz; Minister of Marine, Georges Leygues; Minister of Commerce, Etienne Clementel; Minister of Public Works, Albert Claveille; Minister of Munitions, Louis Loucheur; Minister of Instruction, Louis Lafferre; Minister of Colonies, Henry Simon. Though the new Ministry seems to have met with rather general approval, yet it has some powerful enemies.

Ireland.—The Sinn Fein Convention was signalized by the frank speech of the chairman, De Valera, who declared that the organization aimed at securing the in-

The Sein Fein Convention ternational recognition of Ireland as an independent republic. He asserted that such was the wish of the Irish people and that they intended to struggle as best

they could to realize their idea. He passed this judgment on the "theologians" of the *Irish Times* and the *Weekly Freeman*, "who tell people that rebellion is not justifiable."

To those people who start as theologians with pipes in their mouths, and a glass of grog beside them—and they write many of the anonymous letters—I say in theology, at any rate, they might remember that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Sinn Fein represented the will of the majority of the people and he felt sure the Catholic Church "would not allow itself to be a tool for the oppression of the people." Moreover, if England should have a constitution approved by the majority of the Irish people he would loyally abide by it, but he would not recognize a constitution imposed upon his people by a foreign government. Despite the general unrest of the country the convention passed off quietly. The *Leader*, one of the most able of the Irish papers, look for great results from it. The *Weekly Independent* is sympathetic, the *Irish Times* and the *Weekly Freeman* are hostile, but all the reputable papers pay tribute to the zeal and sincerity of De Valera and the other leaders.

Mexico.—Private letters from Mexico sometimes contain brief items which show better than newspaper articles the state of affairs in that unhappy republic. The **Letters, and a Proclamation** following abstracts which might be multiplied without number are instances in point:

(1) In our largest city but one, Guadalajara, the Carranza authorities have decreed that all Catholic churches, except two, shall be closed. These wretched men assert that the new Constitution gives the officials of each State the privilege of deciding how many churches may be used for worship. Thus, as I have said, in Guadalajara, with a population of 100,000, two churches are in use, and there are but two priests to attend to them. All the other priests have been expelled.

(2) Our spiritual condition is pitiable. There are no priests in the entire State (Sonora); as a consequence people are dying without the Sacraments, and our grief is intensified by this dreadful circumstance which, we feel, is entirely due to your utter heartlessness in supporting Carranza.

(3) An agent of the Carranza Government has arrived at the border to negotiate the sale of several thousand tons of scrap iron, the remnants of many of our railroads long since destroyed by Carranza. The agent offers the enormous pile of material for \$40,000.

There lately appeared in *La Revista Mexicana* a comical proclamation which shows how the war spirit is kept alive in Mexico. The document was issued by the Zapatistas and amongst other headings bore these: "Carranza a prisoner in the capital of the republic. General Everardo González . . . and Fortino Ayaquica who are fighting close to the capital, notify the general staff that on the eighth day of this month, the court-martial which is to try the so-called President of the Republic was duly constituted." The proclamation then proceeds to say that Carranza is on trial because the majority of the articles of the Constitution promulgated by him violate individual rights and give the First Chief

power to carry out his own plans without the necessity of obtaining permission from the Chamber of Deputies. Then follows this illuminating paragraph:

The anger of the Chamber was increased by the fact that the Protoconsul Palavicini, at a banquet he gave to the American ambassador in the palace of Chapultepec, declared that Mexico accepted the invitation to take part in the war against Germany and that, even though the Mexican people did not want this war, it would be carried through by force, for which end it would be necessary to recruit troops by force in all the towns. In this Carranza counted on the support of foreigners, it did not matter whether the Indians of Mexico were wiped out or not, for there were plenty of foreigners to repeople the country; they were more intelligent (than Mexicans) more learned and better spoken. Unlike Mexicans they were not stupid by birth, neither were they hypocrites who lived in churches wasting their time praying to wooden saints and paying priests for entrance into Heaven, which does not exist, while the priests themselves do nothing but grow fat and live joyfully, etc.

Thus is the war spirit fanned, first by the Zapatistas then by the Carranzistas, meantime the Deputies continue to admit that Mexico is bankrupt, hungry and altogether miserable.

Russia.—During the past week news about the progress of the Bolshevik's *coup d'état* has been so meager and contradictory that it is hard to make out just what has happened. From Scandinavian sources came reports of a Bolshevik

Civil War defeat which were contradicted by dispatches from Petrograd. "Yesterday after bitter fighting near Tsarkoe-Selo the revolutionary army completely defeated the counter-revolutionary forces of Kerensky and Korniloff" was the wireless message received in London on November 13 and signed "Mouravieff, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces Acting Against Kerensky," but "General Korniloff has entered Petrograd where the entire garrison except the sailors went over to his side" was a dispatch that came via Stockholm the same day. On November 14 the evening papers announced the arrival of Premier Kerensky in Petrograd with a victorious army. His Cossacks were said to have destroyed the Red Guards and seized the telegraph lines, but from reports published November 16 the Bolshevik appeared to be in control of Petrograd, Kerensky having retired. A little light was thrown on these and other confusing dispatches by news which reached this country on Saturday. It seems that the battle of Tsarkoe-Selo, between the Bolshevik and Premier Kerensky's troops, began on November 10 and lasted, with varying fortunes, till the night of the 12th. Aristocratic officers of veteran regiments were in command of the Bolshevik, and successfully withstood the attacks of Kerensky's small Cossack army, until an armistice was concluded. The Prime Minister was then betrayed and deserted by his officers and was ordered to go to Petrograd and present himself before the Revolutionary Committee, but while a guard was being formed to conduct him there, Kerensky mysteriously disappeared. He now seems to be uni-

versally discredited. In Moscow, too, the situation is confusing. Fighting is said to have been going on in that city for a week. The Kremlin and the Town Hall, which the adherents of the Provisional Government held, were bombarded by the Bolshevik's cannon and machine-guns, the casualties are thought to have been numerous and rioting occurred. All of Finland is reported to be under the control of the Socialists.

The Bolshevik Council of Commissioners proclaim the right of the different people of Russia to determine their own form of government, including the constitution of independent States. They insist on the inclusion of Lenin and Trotsky in any composite Socialist Government and declare that the Bolshevik must have a majority of the portfolios. News came on Monday last that Lenin's Cabinet was going to pieces, a number of Ministers resigning because they thought that the Bolshevik should unite with the other Socialist parties in forming a Government. Meanwhile the Committee for the Salvation of the Revolution protested against the order for Kerensky's arrest, and the Petrograd Duma quarreled with the Revolutionary Committee about the management of the telephones.

According to advices published in this country on Monday last the Petrograd Bolshevik, who triumphantly re-entered Petrograd in the middle of last week, were menaced on Sunday, November 18, by an army of the Provisional Government's supporters who were nearing the city. General Dukhonin announced that in the absence of Kerensky he had taken command of the loyal troops. Moscow was reported to be quiet.

Spain.—The authors of the recent revolutionary strike in Spain have been tried and condemned. As the country was under martial law, the trial was conducted by

Strike Leaders Punished the military authorities, with perfect justice and complete publicity. Each of the accused was allowed to choose a military captain for his defense. The prosecution charged the leaders of the strike with the "frustrated crime of military sedition and the consummated crime of rebellion," and demanded for the principals, accomplices and abettors "penalties laid down in the ordinary penal code and in the code of military justice." The defense claimed that

A strike is not against the law, that this strike was motived merely by the economic crisis, and was not revolutionary nor did it constitute the crime of rebellion, and that in any case in labor societies the majority rule and those at the head have to follow out the decisions of the majority, whether they are identified with these decisions or not.

By the decision of the judges, approved by the supreme military authority of the region, the Captain-General of New Castile, Julian Besteiro, Francisco Largo Caballero, Daniel Anguinano and Andres Saborit were found to be the guilty and responsible authors of the revolution and were condemned "to perpetual imprisonment and perpetual and absolute civil disability."

The End and the Means

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

AS lovers of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" will recall, it was Mrs. O'Donovan Florence who said that if we poor Papists only deserved the reputation for sharp practices that has been foisted upon us, it would be in Browning's phrase, "Roses, roses, all the way." "Why are we forbidden to let the end justify the means?" she inquires plaintively of the Lord Cardinal Udeschini. "And where are those *acommodements avec le ciel* of which we've heard? We're not even permitted a few poor *acommodements avec le monde*." Thus has it ever been. We are not allowed to live up to our reputations. We are given a bad name and hanged for it. In the brave days of yore when inquisitors were as numerous as wire-tappers, and Jesuits held the ear of princes, every manner of lying, writes a New York Methodist clergyman, Dr. Reisner, was upheld by the Jesuits, since that "organization" did argue that "the end justifies the means."

In previous papers I examined von Hoensbroech, Dr. Reisner's first authority, only to discover that, on the very page to which I was referred, this worthy confessed his inability to prove the charge, in a case presented by himself, before a legal tribunal at Cologne. I then accepted Dr. Reisner's invitation to examine what Dr. Sheldon had to say on probabilism and mental reservation. It is now in order to review Dr. Sheldon's direct testimony in proof of the assertion that the Jesuits "did argue that the end justifies the means." The worthy doctor begins with the admission that the maxim "has been declared by the Jesuits foreign to their teaching. No doubt, the Society as a whole has never accorded it a formal sanction," a statement which scarcely proves Dr. Reisner's accusation that it was taught and practised by the "organization." Yet not for this slight discrepancy shall the Society escape, for "Very prominent writers," continues Dr. Sheldon, "have given quite an explicit statement of the maxim." ("History of the Christian Church," III, p. 421.) On examination, these prominent writers reduce themselves to precisely and explicitly *two*, Busembaum and Laymann, nor does Dr. Sheldon quote from the writings of either theologian, but from "The Constitution and Teaching of the Jesuits" (p. 422, note) written by W. C. Cartwright, a man who as an authority easily ranks with the late and unlamented "Tom" Watson of Georgia.

It is a weary task to rehearse the obvious, but before taking up the two brief citations borrowed by Sheldon from Cartwright, "a word in explanation of our terms is in place." In every human act three elements may be considered. The first is the *end*, or that for the sake of which the action is undertaken; the next is the *means*, or

the thing done to obtain the end; and lastly, the *circumstances*, conditions of time, place and surroundings under which the action is performed. Now the end and the means alike may be good, bad or indifferent; here we are mainly concerned with the *means*, for I do not suppose that even the Jesuits were ever accused of teaching the lawfulness of formal evil, although I am not quite sure that the charge has not been made. Some means to an end may be good in themselves, such as to love God; some intrinsically bad, as blasphemy and lying, even about the Society of Jesus; while some may be in themselves neither morally good nor bad, for instance, to sail a boat, or to pat a small boy on the head as you pass him on the street. Finally, some means, not intrinsically bad, are permissible only in circumstances of exceptional gravity. Thus I may defend myself, even to the shedding of blood, against a thug bent on taking my life. Circumstances, too, may impart a good or evil character to an action otherwise indifferent. To sing is not a sin, but it may be, if my wretched execution causes serious annoyance to a person dangerously ill. To sum up with an example: if out of pure charity I give an alms, I use a good means to a good end. If I intend my alms as a bribe, I am perverting a good means to a bad end. Lastly, if intending to aid those most unsocial persons, the Little Sisters of the Poor, I steal Mr. John A. Kingsbury's purse, I am absurdly trying to make a good end justify the employment of a means intrinsically evil. As to circumstances, I may add that were I to advertise my alms in the daily press, or through a foundation, I should introduce an element calculated to lessen or destroy all merit. (Cf. Thurston, the *Month*, Vol. 98, p. 618.) In all this there is nothing very recondite. It is the common teaching of moralists (*e. g.* St. Thomas, Gury, Lehmkühl, Sabetti-Barrett, Slater, Rickaby) and is daily practiced by respectable citizens who have learned it, not from the theologians, but from common-sense.

As Dr. Sheldon has borrowed from Cartwright two brief texts from Busembaum and Laymann, men held in reverence for their piety as for their learning, I can do no better than recur to the same authorities. Busembaum, for instance, writes, "A precept forbidding what is wrong in itself must never be violated, not even through fear of death" ("Medulla," lib. I, tract, 2, c. 4, dub. 2, n. 1), and adds, "Things wrong in themselves being, for example, blasphemy, idolatry, impurity, slander—as said above." There is cold comfort for Dr. Sheldon in this statement of principle, and less, I fear, in the following quotation from Laymann:

The circumstance of a good end nowise benefits an action objectively bad but leaves it simply and wholly bad—e.g., he who steals to give an alms commits a bad action on the score of injus-

tic, and does not perform a good action on the score of charity. . . . The reason is to be sought in the difference between moral good and moral evil; for, as St. Denis says, "An action is good if all its constituent parts is good; it is bad if any one of them is bad," which means that for an action to be morally good both the object [the deed done] and the end and the circumstances must be good; whereas if any one of them be defective, it will not be a good action, but vicious and evil. (*Theol. Mor. lib. I, tract. 2, c. 9, n. 7.* Italics inserted.)

As if this were not sufficiently clear, Laymann makes his own the teaching found in St. Augustine's "*Enchiridion*:"

What is known to be sinful must not be done under any pretext of a good cause, nor for any end as being a good one, nor with any intention professing to be good.

"In other words," concludes Laymann, "a vicious choice [of means] makes the intention [the end] also vicious."

Against this clear statement of principles, Sheldon, after stating ridiculously that Busembaum "can claim the continued and solemn approval of the supreme authority of the Church," simply because his book has been printed by the Propaganda Press, cites from the "*Medulla*" the mystic words, "*Cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita*," when the end is licit the means are also licit. Candor would prompt the insertion of the whole passage in which Busembaum *explicitly excludes means that are unlawful*. Excusing Dr. Sheldon on the ground that he probably never saw a volume of Busembaum, I supply the omission. It is the moralist's answer to the question, "What may an accused man lawfully do to escape punishment?"

It is lawful for the accused, even when really guilty, to escape before and after the sentence of death, or of some punishment equal to death, v.g., life imprisonment, has been passed. The reason is because man's right to his life is so great that no human power can oblige him not to preserve it, if there be well-grounded hope of his doing so; *unless indeed the public weal demand otherwise*. Hence the accused may escape . . . unless charity urge him not to do so, when the harm to the guards is greater than that which would come to himself. (1) Much more so may he flee so as not to be captured . . . but he *must use no violence by wounding or striking the ministers of justice*. (2) He may also, at least before the tribunal of conscience, circumvent the guards—*excluding violence and injury*—by giving them, for instance, food or drink to induce sleep, or by bringing it about that they will be absent; he may snap his chains, or break open the prison, because, *cum finis est licitus etiam media sunt licita*, when the end is lawful the means are also lawful. (*Medulla, Lib. IV, c. 3, d. 7, a. 2.*)

It is this case, a "stock case" with moralists, that is likewise considered by Laymann. Both theologians had already stated the principle that a good end could not justify the employment of evil means; and in the stock case it is to be noted, in the words of Father Barrett, the American moralist, that we have an "*explicit exclusion of unlawful means*, and the sense of the phrase is this only: when the end is *lawful*, then is the use of means *in themselves indifferent*, i. e., *not unlawful*, permitted." In this sense only is it understood by moralists.

Indeed, Dr. Sheldon himself, after parading his two borrowed quotations, remarks that he is not "inclined to lay very great stress upon these formal statements." Nevertheless, he is "disposed to emphasize those actions . . . which in *an unpleasant number of instances* have indicated a *disposition* in the Jesuits to harbor the maxim in the loose and pernicious sense" (p. 422, italics inserted). At this, he quotes *four* passages from Lessius, Laymann and Escobar, leaving them, because of their shocking immorality, in Latin. The principles underlying Laymann's teaching have been discussed and need not detain us. Lessius, according to the quotation, holds as probable that a man in extreme danger "of disease, hunger or nudity" may relieve his necessity by stealthily taking from the goods of the rich, "if no other way is possible," and adds that such action *probably* is lawful if the danger is not extreme, but "grave." Let stern moralists like Sheldon and Dr. Reisner brand the starving beggar as a thief, but does the passage prove Dr. Reisner's accusation against the Society, or Sheldon's unmanly insinuations that the Jesuits practised what they dared not teach? Escobar's solutions are equally dreadful. "If my property is held by another under an *unjust* title, may I take it by stealth? Not if you can recover it in some other way; but you are not bound to restitution, because the *thing is yours*. . . . Does a servant *sin mortally* by taking a notable quantity of his master's goods? Yes, unless the master is quite unreasonable, as for instance, if he fails to provide his servant *with the necessities of life*. *In this case the natural law gives the servant the right to preserve his life*." The depths of Escobar's depravity is plainly unspeakable. But does it prove "a disposition in the Jesuits to harbor the maxim" that the end justifies the means "in the loose and pernicious sense"?

"People of the Sheldon-Reisner type will always believe that your Society teaches immorality," said a New York lawyer to me recently. "Why answer them?" The task does seem a bit futile, but the answers that have been given time and again during several centuries are not so much an appeal to such persons as a testimony to the truth. "It has never been proved, and can never be proved, although the attempt has been frequently made," writes the Rev. Ethelred Taunton in the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*" (XV, 341) "that the Jesuits ever taught the nefarious proposition ascribed to them." "Whoever without furnishing the proof I demand shall in speech or writing ascribe to the Society of Jesus this shameful doctrine," wrote Father Roh in his challenge of sixty years ago, "sets himself down as a slanderous scoundrel." Strong language perhaps, but thoroughly justified.

With this we may dismiss Dr. Reisner and his outrageous charges against the Jesuits, charges in no wise justified by his "authorities," and as yet unretracted. In the near future my good friend, Mr. John Wiltby, will deal with like accusations preferred by General Bell, a Georgia dominie, and the *New York Globe*.

“East of the Sun, West of the Moon”

BLANCHE M. KELLY

THE last century included among its notable achievements the discovery of a country which its explorers called Bohemia. The French were its pioneers, and its main thoroughfare was the Boulevard Saint-Michel. These men, by right of discovery, regulated its manners and codified its laws, a task of extreme simplicity, for it consisted in agreeing that there should be none of either. Newcomers had no difficulty in learning the customs of this country, for they had only to bethink them what was the usage elsewhere, and straightway do the contrary.

The poverty of men of letters was then, as it is now, proverbial. Everybody was familiar with Grub Street. Everybody knew the story of Dr. Johnson in ragged habiliments, eating his dinner behind a screen, whence he contributed his brilliant share to the conversation at his host's table. Poets, however, were still thought to ride winged steeds, to seek their inspiration among the stars, and to learn their fine scorn for the grosser demands of the body from a heaven-taught lore. When Sydney Smith proposed as motto for the *Edinburgh* the Virgilian line *Tenui musam meditaris avena* he supplied the witty translation: "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." And this was considered to cover the case. Something akin to holy zeal impelled poor blundering Chatterton, and the monk fasting in his cell was not too remotely removed, even in heaven's sight, from the poet who starved in his garret rather than relinquish "the privilege of seeing great things in loneliness." Not that the lives of all poets were edifying, there had been Villon, of course, and Ronsard, to mention only two, but the one had possessed the saving graces of reverence and humility, and the other, whatever the irregularities of his life, came to a repentant end.

It remained for the Bohemians, the Parnassians, the decadents, the symbolists, for they went by many names, for Verlaine, Rimbaud and Baudelaire to live amid sordid surroundings less from necessity than from choice. They frequented cellars and garrets and low resorts; they groveled in gutters and went unkempt. They robbed Grub Street of its dignity without taking away its reproach, nor did they ally poverty with abstemiousness, for they cultivated literature on vast quantities of absinthe and narcotics, and their literary productions smack of the soil on which they grew. And when they were not flagrantly unclean they bestowed such extreme and fastidious care upon their personal appearance as to typify for all time that ludicrous creature, the dandy. The stays of Barbey d'Aurevilly set the fashion for those who mounted an unbridled Pegasus and were less concerned with his flight than with their

riding costume. Under the Renaissance-worship of the beauty of this world lay corruption, but the beauty was at least a reflection of a higher Beauty, to which the earthly sister not infrequently acted as handmaid by bringing to the shrine of invisible loveliness the eyes that were sated with seeing.

But the symbolists would give the knee to no such goddess. They would not have beauty at any price, but chose the underlying corruption and set up ugliness on the vacant pedestal. They laid down new norms of art which were abortion and deformity. Perhaps the less said about their morals the better, inasmuch as they set themselves up to be connoisseurs of evil. And so they added still another to their list of achievements, for in their hungry quest for sensations they went to religion for *un frisson nouveau*, a new shudder. They took the language of the sanctuary, the terms of mysticism, the experiences of the spiritual life and they put them to base uses. They wrote of their unholy loves in language which believers reserve for their moments of communion with the Most High. They no longer went for inspiration to the Muses' sacred hill but to the dissecting-rooms of hospitals, to madhouses and to haunts in comparison with which hospitals and madhouses are the purlieus of heaven.

When a Bohemian colony landed on English shores it encountered that unsympathetic thing, a sense of humor. Britons were disposed to be tolerant of Gallic gentlemen who in the intervals of writing poetry led live lobsters about on silken strings. French being a foreign language was difficult to speak and doubtless some such heroic measures were necessary for the writing of it, but when citizens of London took to wearing flowing locks and fantastic garments, the British public howled with laughter. Manet's illustrations of Mallarmé's "Poe," according to Mr. Edmund Gosse, were greeted with "undying mirth." Gilbert and Sullivan did their best for the "ultra-poetical, super-esthetical, out of the way young man," but people could not be induced to take him seriously.

The Philistine suspicion that literature was a not-quite-respectable calling, which had been aroused by Byron and Shelley and Burns, was not calculated to be allayed by the productions of the "fleshy school" or Swinburne's metrical excesses. But a worse thing than that has happened which is that the Philistine circles have agreed to take the ultra-poetical young man (and woman) seriously. They are expected to be queer and temperamental and many of them at great personal inconvenience strive to live up to these expectations. This, at least, seems to be the only explanation of an Amer-

ican Bohemia, the denizens of which have chosen to be picturesquely uncomfortable amid squalid surroundings, to defy convention, and, in their conversation at least, the ordinary standards of morality and belief. And although this New York Bohemia, with its Russian and Yankee admixtures, is a place which even Baudelaire might consider beyond the just deserts of the evil which he did, as he said himself, knowingly (*le sachant*), though the odor of the "*Fleurs de Mal*" is over all their works, there is something pathetic about the new Bohemians. Their atheism has all the shrillness of Shelley's in his youth without its novelty. Their blasphemies do not startle because the blasphemers deny no faith of theirs; once you feel that it does not much matter what you believe it matters less what you disbelieve. Their lewdness is that of a boy who uses improper language for the sake of trying the effect on his grandmother. It is all so studied, so made to order, so upholstered. And then the literature! In form it is usually *vers-librist* and dramatic and in substance unsubstantial. Self-respecting marionettes would scorn to play in the tenuous, plotless dramas, which are, however, especially lavish in scenic direction, given with the wealth of detail which we associate with bad dreams. Even their literary cosmos is out of joint, for while there is a great deal about suns and moons, the suns seem to be the creations of Leon Bakst and the moons are redolent of green cheese.

There is a two-fold pathos about the perversion of logic which makes such things the necessary concomitants of literature. It is true that Mangan's intemperance dragged him into the gutters of Dublin and that Dowson's excesses led him to an ignoble death, but Mangan knew genuine and grinding poverty and each of these men carried in his soul a flame of faith which enabled him to recognize his failing as a moral transgression and taught him sorrowing remorse. Not all the opium in the world could achieve the perfection of De Quincey's prose and they who ascribe Francis Thompson's soaring verse to the fact that he was a drug-addict forget that he was familiar with the heights of prayer.

There is, however, something strangely familiar about this land of Bohemia, its byways, its shops, the ways of its citizens and all at once you are able to identify it. It is the land "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," the geographical location of which so tormented your childish fancy. Perhaps it was the moon that gave you the clue. You have so long known it for the land of unreality, of delusion, of hallucination. There is behind all the sayings and doings of these people just that hint of conscious make-believe, just that half-glance at the audience which betrays the fact that it is all a game based, it is true, on a clever idea. Yet the cleverest of ideas is dangerous if it becomes fixed. And after all there did come a day when Baudelaire registered his ultimate sensation, the recognition of approaching madness: "*J'ai cultivé mon hystérie . . . J'ai senti passer sur moi le vent de l'imbecillité.*"

And the added pity is that grown men can play at a game like this when their fellows are going out to face the one reality and to contest with death that undelectable country, which soldiers, by way of valiant jest, have named No Man's Land.

A Society of Nations

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

IN the address which he delivered before the Senate on January 22, 1917, the President of the United States set forth the conditions under which the Government would feel justified in asking our people to approve the formal adherence of the United States to a league of peace. Mr. Wilson defined the peace which all men were then longing for as one that would deserve the approval of mankind and would not merely further the interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged in war. That peace should be guaranteed by a force "so much greater than the force of any nation now engaged or any alliance hitherto formed or projected that no nation, no probable combination of nations, could face or withstand it." It should be guaranteed by "the major force of mankind."

In the first days of June, 1917, an "order of the day" was voted in the French Chamber of Deputies to define more clearly and explicitly the aims which France was pursuing in the European conflict. Among other things it proclaimed the necessity "of stable guarantees of peace and independence for all nations, great and small, in the organization of the Society of Nations." The motion was not carried in the Senate, which seems to have been frightened by the concluding formula. But the formula and its ideals met the approval of some of the most prominent French statesmen, among them the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Painlevé Cabinet, M. Alexandre Ribot.

A league of peace, a federation of peoples, a society of nations, has long been the dream of the ruler, the poet and the statesman. From the days when Virgil sang of a golden age under the heaven-sent prince of the Fourth Eclogue, to those of Tolstoy, the dream has ever haunted the idealist. Practical men even have felt its lure. A Roman Emperor like Constantine, and a French King like Henry IV, entertained some plan to bring it about. As a matter of fact there has been in history a time when the statesman, the poet, the dreamer and the philosopher saw their ideals realized, and when there existed a "society of nations" where the supreme law was not force, where the nations, rude, passionate and self-willed as they were, recognized some higher arbiter than the sword, and bowed to a central authority and law. That "society of nations" was the best safeguard and promoter of peace that the world has seen. If it could be entirely reconstituted today such as it was in the past in its members and in its head, the statesmen and the thinkers of the world would find those guarantees of a lasting peace which they are so eagerly seeking. The society in ques-

tion was the wonderful society of the Middle Ages, of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the great Christian Republic of the Ages of Faith with its international arbiters of peace, those world-umpires, the great Popes like Gregory VII, Innocent III, and Honorius IV.

In the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Europe was divided territorially, racially, politically. These differences owing to the difficulty of travel and commercial interchange were still more emphasized than they are today. But the nations had one bond in common. When Innocent III and Gregory VII and Honorius IV were Popes, and Philip Augustus, John Lackland and Henry IV were kings and emperors, divided as they were racially, the nations of Christian and Catholic Europe formed one great social and organic unit. Christian Europe was governed by one common legislation. The same fundamental and essential rights were recognized by all. There was a code, a constitution implicitly accepted by rulers and by subjects alike, which in the comity of nations had a binding force on the conscience of the peasant as well as of the king. The fundamental laws of that great society of peoples were sometimes trampled on, for kings and lords were hot blooded, autocratic and cruel, and nations rebelled just as they do today. But there was an international tribunal to which the helpless might appeal and which, lifted above the turmoil of the fray, could be counted upon to give an impartial verdict. That international tribunal and the judge who occupied its seat of honor were in a position to enforce their verdicts. Their coercive power and judicial sanctions were recognized by the Catholic world. The whole system of laws, precedents and procedures was eminently suited to the times, times of faith, reverence, loyalty to authority, respect both for the temporal and the spiritual ruler, bishop, abbot, Pope or king. It rested upon a perfect harmony between the spiritual and the temporal power, upon what has been called their intimate and efficacious collaboration, their "compenetration."

There is no more fascinating study for the student of social life than that of those Ages of Faith. In spite of the evident imperfections of human nature, those ages are one of the noblest periods of history. Feudalism then reigned in all its power. It had its weak side, for not seldom under cruel and heartless lords it exploited the poor and the serf. But it developed a sentiment of mutual dependence between the rich and the poor. There was a splendid gradation from the lowest toiler of the soil up to the abbot of the rich monastery and through baron, earl and duke, to the highest representatives of temporal rule, the emperor or king. That temporal hierarchy had its manifold ramifications in the feudal body. But it too was subject to a higher authority. The spiritual and higher hierarchy was that of the Catholic Church itself, centered in the Papacy, which exercised its full powers, without fear or favor, over kings and people.

These two powers, the civil and the ecclesiastical, re-

mained it is true, distinct both in law and in fact. But there was constant cooperation between the two. In the provincial, national and ecumenic councils, belted earls deliberated side by side with mitred abbots and bishops, doctors of civil law were called upon to give their advice even on points of church discipline, after the priest had spoken. Bishops and abbots on the other hand were temporal rulers, feudal lords with all the powers of their civil peers.

On the whole this intimate union of the two powers was of immense benefit to society. On account of it, the principles of law, order, self-control, obedience, the lessons of charity, purity and exalted enthusiasm for all noble causes gradually gained ground and developed the splendid and chivalrous society which has so justly been admired as one of the brightest products of civilization. Slowly, out of these conciliar assemblies where Popes, kings and princes, earls and knights, clerks of the Sorbonne and Oxford and merchant princes from the free cities of Germany sat side by side in the profession and defense of a common faith, there grew a uniform code of law, uniform practices making for the peace and the order of Europe, an international code whose foundations were laid deep down in the hearts of the people, for they firmly believed in the authority of the temporal ruler but had a still deeper reverence for the higher and the more sacred office of the Pontiff of Rome. In those days the Pope was the permanent President of a great international peace-court. He was vested with that power because he was King and because he was Pope. He enforced his verdicts by his appeal to the conscience of Christendom. He could enforce them by an appeal to the sword. He could do so, however, far more efficaciously by an appeal to the spiritual weapons which he wielded, weapons which both king and people dreaded more than the battle-axe or the spear. The Popes were then arbiters and umpires in the great international crises of the day. Through them the Truce of God and the Peace of God were instituted to diminish at least the horrors of warfare. When the rights of religion and morality and the common laws which protected society were outraged, the Councils of the Middle Ages, the Popes and bishops of those days had at their command the weapons of excommunication and interdict, so much dreaded by a Catholic people, and they used them. On rare occasions, when there were no other means to avenge outraged morality or check a lawless tyrant, the Pope, commanding in the name of justice and right, ordered the helpless victims to draw the sword and to fight for their rights and the cause of liberty. By tacit consent, by countless precedents, the society of nations delegated these powers to the Popes. They were the judges in Israel. Christian Europe then recognized that there were some things which could not be done with impunity, that there was such a thing as justice, that there was a court which would not condone crime, but, on the contrary, thunder out its verdict of

disapproval in such tones that the whole world would hear.

This religious, political and social economy of the Middle Ages was possible because men believed intensely in the mysteries and the teachings of a common Faith, were united in the reception of the same Sacraments, because they revered a central authority, and put the spiritual over the temporal. In the society of the nations of the Middle Ages the spiritual element represented by the Pontiffs of Rome ultimately triumphed

over the barbarism of feudalism. A peace tribunal, a court of arbitration, was ever in session in Rome. For centuries, until the Reformation broke the bond of unity, in spite of blunders and frailties, the rulings of that international court where the Popes were the supreme judges, worked for the peace and happiness of the world. The world would certainly be happier now if the same tribunal and the same judge could command the same reverence and obedience from a society of nations modeled on that of the Ages of Faith.

Beyond the Realm of Sense

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

A FEW years ago, just after the scientific hysteria of the "silly seventies" it seems to have been philosophical bad form for a person to call his soul his own. Souls were carefully card-indexed for the information of antiquarians, and in their place the world was given the omnipotent and all-explaining cell, the complex association of nerve-fibers, or the brain that secreted thought as the glands secrete saliva. It was all so very simple that there was no further need for a soul. Did not the cell explain life, and did not the complexity of the brain-fibers explain thought? A number of persons retorted very abruptly: "No, they did not!" But the human voice with difficulty makes itself heard amidst a riot of applause, and applause was showered pretty freely on the scientists in the limelight.

So those who believed that a fact is not disproved by screaming violently against it or calling it names, those, in fine, who liked to fancy that they had a spiritual soul to distinguish them from their pet parrot or fox terrier, decided to possess themselves in patience for a time. Now it is becoming recognized that anyone who tucked away his soul in intellectual moth-balls was very fortunate. Souls are getting to be the fashion once more. In fact, they are quite the vogue.

By a soul men have understood a vital principle distinct from matter yet so united to it that soul and body make up but one person. This soul they have regarded as the thinking-principle and the principle from which flows those actions which we call free. Those who deny souls maintain that besides matter there is just nothing. The brain alone thinks; and as for free-will—well, if they are honest in their materialism, they pass it over with a flippant reference to popular delusions; their only other alternative is to ignore what they cannot begin to explain.

All men stand in wonder before the tremendous capacity of the human intellect. There is something almost overwhelming in the intellectual attainments of men like the giants of the Renaissance. When Da Vinci wrote to

the Duke of Milan the list of his abilities, he was not merely eulogizing his own mental powers, he was uttering a panegyric of the human mind. Socrates, who by his own unaided intellect leaped to the idea of a supreme deity, Aristotle and St. Thomas stripping off the individuating qualities in things to reach deep into their essences, Newton when he arrived at the universal principle of gravitation, not less than the astronomer who from abstract mathematics attained to a knowledge of stars he never saw, gave instances of the magnificent power of the human intellect.

Are such intellects merely the complex association of nerve-fibers? Do they differ only in their *dégree* of intensity from the faculty of cognition in horses and oxen? That is precisely the point in this essay in arm-chair philosophy. It has always been the claim of the best philosophy that the brain alone does not think; that our intellectual life is such that it cannot proceed from mere matter. For an explanation of thought one needs a spiritual soul, that is, a soul distinct from the material body.

It is quite obvious that all our knowledge begins with what we learn through the senses. But the human intellect does not stop with the bare facts as reported by the senses. On the contrary, it is never satisfied with the information thus gained. The intellect knows, for example, not merely that two Pekingese dogs plus their two expensive pups make a kennel of four fine dogs, but it knows that if no such thing as Pekingese pups existed, or, for that matter, if the person thinking were the only material object in the world, two and two would still make four. The intellect has jumped from the concrete puppies to the essential nature of two and two.

As I walk down the avenue a chauffeur in a fine touring-car stops a few feet ahead of me and picks up two very ragged and very delicate children. This individual act of a kindly man impresses me so much that I murmur to myself, "Courtesy is surely oil on the wheels of progress." My mind, not content with the individual case reported by my senses, has leaped to a generalization; I

saw a single act of a kindly man; I think about that highly abstract, that intangible quality of courtesy, which no longer fits merely the individual case but all cases where a tender heart prompts men to deeds of unselfish gentleness.

Two litigants fight over a title deed to a piece of uptown property. There is an exchange of words, then of lawyer's visits, a morning with a modern Solomon in check suit and tortoise-shell glasses, and after learned arguments by the lawyers, an interrogation of the witnesses, the aforesaid Solomon pronounces that Litigant A has the right to the property. The judge uses the word "right" casually, believing that everyone in the court-room understands him; and though not a man present, from his Honor to the tramps who dropped in to get warm, ever saw or heard or tasted anybody's right to anything, Litigant B bows in submission and goes forth to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl and his attorney's flow of explanation.

Abbot Mendel gathers together the last batch of his hybrid peas from his monastery garden and sits down to put into writing his revolutionary theory of heredity. After all, the number of pea plants he has investigated is relatively small, yet he dares to lay down a law applicable not only to pea plants in his garden but to the pea plants in Asia and Africa, that furnished the tables of Confucius or Rameses II, or to plants that shall bloom in the year of grace 2000. And other scientists seizing on this newly discovered law apply it to cocks and dogs and blooded sheep!

The instances used are by no means extraordinary. The mind is constantly employed in acts of just such a character. One sees a mother fondling her first-born and sits down to write a poem on maternal love. Right, justice, morality, things which the senses are simply incapable of seeing, are the subject of our incessant thought and of tremendous import in our ordinary lives. Science would be out of the question were the human mind not capable of passing from the individual specimen under the microscope to the universal law that lies behind.

Thorn bushes will be producing in the normal course of nature a large harvest of grapes long before the senses will be able to produce such intellectual thoughts. The mere matter that composes the brain and the senses in the philosophy of the materialists cannot explain the simplest abstract concept. Does the eye ever see the abstract quality of courtesy or of maternal love? The answer to that is simply that there is no such thing existing in matter as abstract courtesy or maternal love. Courteous chauffeurs exist, but courtesy does not; mothers who love their children are, thank Heaven, still brightening the earth, but maternal love is an abstract quality and as such is not found in material creation. The senses, as we know from constant experience, report only the concrete, individual type. There must be another faculty in us which reaches thus to the quality which is found not merely in one particular case, but in all cases of a like nature.

It is simply ridiculous to maintain that our senses can grasp a universal law of nature. Did anyone ever see the law of gravitation, or touch it, or taste it, or hear it? Men have seen apples falling to earth and the scuttled ship sink in the waves, but the law that lies back of these facts they have never subjected to touch or sight or hearing.

As for those tremendous moral facts of truth and honor and duty and civil right which are absolutely essential to the life of man, they have no material essence whatsoever. Fancy asking a policeman to show you his right to regulate traffic! Imagine asking the rulers of a warring European nation to let you see the wound in its national honor! Yet for its honor that nation has plunged itself into a devastating war. For truth a martyr will lay down his life. The right of the traffic policeman will stop the most reckless driver. Here certainly are facts that move the world; and yet not one of them has ever been touched by our senses. If matter alone existed in man, no amount of nerve-action could ever know anything about them. Matter can only attain to a knowledge of the material; sense can know only the sensible.

History is a long record of that something within man that peremptorily refuses to be satisfied with mere matter or with bodies. The very fact that man is constantly arguing over the question of souls is enough to show that his intellect will not rest with the material. If merely our brains think, then the idea of a soul, which is a substance without extension or any of the attributes of matter, would never occur to it. It could only imagine the things it has perceived or things like them, and it has never perceived anything save extended, tangible matter.

And that something within man which will not rest content with matter has throughout the history of all races been rising to a Being far transcending the realms of sensitive experience: God. Men have never seen nor heard God with their senses, yet men's intellects have been either admitting Him or disputing about Him from the least known days of old. The very infidel who denies God's existence knows what is contained in the idea of deity. To rise to such an ultra-sensitive idea something more than mere matter is required. Without a soul the thought of God is simply inexplicable.

In a Belgian Garden

E. S. SHARPE, M.A.

IN a little town in Belgium, not very far from the front, is a peaceful convent of nuns. The convent stands in its own grounds, and in the silence of the garden, where the tall poplar trees rise like dark sentinels round about the walls of the enclosure, there come at intervals the dull thud and boom of the heavy guns in the distance, slowly but surely driving the German invader out of Belgium.

In a corner of the convent garden lies a low mound, on which the earth is still fresh, for it was piled up only a day or so after June 7 of this year. Beneath the mound, with his feet turned towards the east as one who sleeps until the com-

ing of the dawn, lies a gallant gentleman and brave soldier, who went up "over the top" at the head of his men at the battle of Wytschaete on June 7, and fell most gloriously in action, with his face towards the enemy. It is the grave of Major Willie Redmond of the Irish Brigade, younger brother of the Irish Leader, and up to the time of his death Member of Parliament for East Clare.

He was over fifty years of age when he first volunteered, shortly after the outbreak of the war. He was appointed Captain in the Royal Irish Regiment, in which he had served before his election to the House of Commons, some thirty-three years previously. He had said that if Irishmen were to come together it was to be by fighting side by side against the common enemy. And he had been as good as his word. His services at the front brought him promotion to the rank of major, and he had been mentioned in dispatches by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

Then on June 7 last came the great bombardment and the setting off of the mines, and the Royal Irish Regiment went up to the attack on Wytschaete Wood. Major Redmond could have stayed behind. But he loved his men, and he preferred to go over the top with them and face the common danger. So he went, and gave his life for a cause and a faith that were more dear to him than life itself.

His dead body was carried to the convent behind the lines, where in company with brother officers he had paid many a visit, and where on the walls of the refectory the hand of an artist nun had painted side by side the Irish Harp and the Red Hand of Ulster; the symbol of the union of the fighting men of Ireland. In a corner of the convent garden his body was laid to rest, and the grave was tended by the loving care of the nuns.

On Sunday, October 21, a little company was gathered round the grave of Major Redmond for a touching ceremony. The General of the Irish Brigade in which Major Redmond served was there; there were staff officers of the Irish and Ulster Divisions, staff officers of the French army, three officers of the United States army, and the Mother Superior of the convent and her nuns. A guard of honor was formed of men of the Royal Irish Regiment, men from Major Redmond's Battalion, and the Inniskillings. Catholics and Protestants were the dead man's guard of honor; the men of the South and West on one side of the grave; the men of Ulster on the other, comrades in arms, the symbol of Major Redmond's ideal.

But closer still to the grave were the men who had come from Ireland to offer a tribute to the dead hero: a delegation from the Redmond Memorial Committee, representing men and women of all political parties and of both the Catholic and Protestant religions, united to pay honor to their departed countryman. The delegates were the Mayor of Wexford, Mr. Nicholas Byrne; the High Sheriff of Dublin, Mr. Myles Keogh, and Dr. James S. Ashe.

The silence of the garden was broken only by the rustling of the dry leaves on the trees and the far-off, dull thud of the heavy guns on the Ypres salient, as Dr. Ashe laid on the grave a wreath of Irish autumn leaves and berries, and then the High Sheriff of Dublin laid beside the wreath a bunch of Irish heather bound up with ivy leaves, that had been picked by Mrs. Redmond in the garden in Wexford that the dead man had loved so well.

But more touching than these simple tributes was the ceremony that followed, when a sod of shamrocks, with the soil of Ireland thickly clustered round the roots, which had been brought from Vinegar Hill, was planted on the grave, and the soil of Ireland and of Belgium became mingled together in one. It was, so to speak, a sacrament of union; eloquent of the cause for which Irishmen are daily pouring out their blood on the fields of Flanders.

From the shamrock Dr. Ashe took the theme of his address. The mission of Major Redmond was, he said, to bring together Irishmen of all parties. He likened the shamrock leaf, as St. Patrick had done so many centuries before, to a typification of unity. And so it was planted on the dead man's grave as foretelling the unification of three contending parties in Ireland. Then he went on to speak, addressing himself to the soldiers of the guard of honor who stood round, of the wonderful co-operation of the North and South Irish troops who had stood, had fought and bled and died side by side in this the greatest of all wars, for a common principle of justice and righteousness. From their union, their forgetfulness of self-interests in a great cause, he saw the coming of the day that should bring justice and happiness as well as peace to their own country.

He finished speaking, and silently the delegates left; the military officers left, the guard of honor and the few spectators were gone, and only the Mother Superior and her nuns remained. As they still stood by that grave in the Belgian garden, in the distance the big guns roared and boomed. For the life-work of Major Redmond is finished, and his name has gone down in imperishable honor; but the cause and the Faith for which he lived and for which he died still go on. And when the last gun has been fired, and the last shell has crashed its way to the earth; when the red and bloody night of war has passed, and the day-star of peace returns, the shamrocks from Vinegar Hill will yet be green on that grave in Belgium, and it may be that their prophecy is fulfilled.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

"Masses, Not Flowers"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some time ago, I think it was in April, 1912, a little article under the above heading appeared in the *Dublin Leader*. It was signed "By the Author of 'Spiritual Sunbeams.'" That article was copied into many papers and journals in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, North and South, Australia, Africa and Canada. It was translated and published in French, Spanish and Italian, and a priest told the writer he had seen it in a Polish paper. I mention these facts now to show that the subject and the manner in which it was treated appealed to many hearts and were approved by many minds all the world over.

I was recently reminded of it by a letter I had from a friend in America. He is a "man of affairs," connected with several associations. He told me he heard of an Irish Catholic dying in one of the hotels of the city in which he lived. The sick man had no near relatives or friends, but the wife of the proprietor, who was a Catholic, kept him out of kindness in the hotel at his own request, though at much inconvenience and at the risk of offending her regular guests. My correspondent visited him and got other Irishmen to do the same and in this way helped to comfort and console his last days.

When the end came they thought of expressing their friendliness and regard by placing some wreaths of flowers on his coffin; but my friend remembered "Masses, Not Flowers," which as head of a branch of the Knights of Columbus he had himself given to his Council as its motto or slogan for the year. He suggested that in this case, instead of wreaths they should get Mass-cards. Forty Mass-cards were donated and placed on the casket, each bearing the name of the donor with the number of Masses he had got offered and the signature of the priest who had made himself responsible for saying them. Some of these cards were very pretty and were tied with ribbon of various tints, Irish colors being much in evidence. Though the de-

ceased had no near relative or personal friends, many Irishmen and women accompanied his remains to the cemetery and said the rosary there. And many of those present said that for the future they would place Mass-cards instead of flowers on the coffins of their friends.

On reading that letter it occurred to me, as the month of the Holy Souls is at hand, once again to make an appeal for "Masses, Not Flowers" for our dead. Flowers on coffins look beautiful and are pleasing to the senses, but are they in keeping with the solemnity, the sacredness, the majesty of death? This is not a Catholic custom. It is believed to be pagan. The early Christians never decorated their dead with flowers. They placed the Cross of Christ on their saintly remains. I saw lately in the account of the obsequies of the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne:

The body was reverently placed in the hearse, which was plain, without plumes or ornament. Some beautiful wreaths had been sent in, but as they are not in accordance with Catholic custom they were not used at the funeral.

"We have loved them in life, let us not forget them in death"; but let our love be true, practical and effective. Let it be a love and a remembrance worthy of Christians and Catholics who believe in the immortality of the soul, the consoling doctrines of purgatory and the Communion of Saints.

Killarney.

B. M. S.

Catechism in the Grades

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is an astounding assertion in the article, "Catechism in the Grades," by the Sister of Charity, College of St. Elizabeth, New Jersey, namely: "Another new method, and also perhaps of dubious value, concerns itself with graphic representations of eternal truths." A reading of Spirago's "Method of Christian Doctrine," edited by Archbishop Messmer, leads me to believe that graphic representations of eternal truths are neither a *new* method nor of *dubious* value. One can open the book almost at random to verify my statement. The chapters on "Object Form," p. 226; "The Blackboard," p. 316; "Wall Maps," p. 314, are so at variance with the statement in "Catechism in the Grades," that I strongly suspect that the writer of it must have had in mind not the method, but the abuse of the method.

On page 226, Spirago's "Methods" says, in reference to the "Object Form":

Object-lessons are so much spoken of nowadays in educational writings and teachers' institutes, that there is danger of their becoming a mere fad. Yet the principle implied is as sound as any in pedagogy and as *old as the human family* (italics inserted). It is the very earliest and most natural, at the same time the most easy, form of child-teaching, that of presenting the object thus-far unknown to the immediate view of the child; that of making his mind see the thing by the help of his bodily sight, the most perfect organ of sense-perception. Such a powerful and easy means may not be neglected in imparting Christian instruction. Hence we find that the Church has made use of this form of instructing the faithful *from most ancient times* (italics inserted). In fact, before the art of printing had been invented, the Church taught her faithful children by means of all kinds of external, objective representations, placing before their very eyes the principal facts, doctrines and rules of the Christian religion. The catechist, therefore, should look for every opportunity where this form of instruction can be appropriately used. It is true, as Schuech remarks, there are comparatively few objects in Christian doctrine which can be shown in themselves, in their own proper being, to the children. But in very many cases it can be done immediately through sufficient representation, pictorial and rhetorical (vivid description) by so-called word-painting, or by striking comparisons from nature.

The constant reading of this most valuable book has helped me to present Christian doctrine to the little ones and has taught me to require the memorizing of the catechism and the *proper and timely* use of a series of pictures and illustrations.

Paterson, N. J.

A TEACHER IN THE GRADES.

Novena for the National Welfare

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read about the "Novena of Peace," to commence November 30 and end December 8, in honor of the national patroness, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. As the feast falls on Saturday the exercises might conclude Sunday, December 9, making ten days' exercises in all. A feature of the exercises each evening might be the panegyric of a saint who has proved the savior and glory of his country, like Washington, "great in war, great in peace, great in the hearts of their country." Among those who might thus be honored are Leo the Great, Joan of Arc, Louis IX, St. Boniface, St. Thomas and many others dear to Catholic hearts.

While we wish for victory for our arms, we should wish still more that the dignity and honor of our country be upheld and that God be glorified. As a title I would suggest, "Novena for the National Welfare," in order that our military officials may feel that we are not criticizing them but praying for their best interests. We shall pray for victory and early peace and for the future honor and glory of America, that the title, "land of the free and home of the brave" may be no misnomer.

I trust every church in the land may join in one great novena of devotion to Our Lady, and that our prayers "may penetrate the clouds" and bring lasting and honorable peace to our country.

Monroe, La.

V. T.

France's Catholicism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Sharon seems to think that the sum of Bishop Chapon's statements as to the Catholicism of France is that "the French are better Socialists than Catholics." Not into any such airy generality may the complicated and paradoxical network of French politics be comfortably packed! We have to deal with two ideas which are seemingly contradictory and mutually exclusive, of a nation which is genuinely Catholic and a government which is genuinely anti-Catholic. The latter idea is evidently true; the former seems to me to be equally true; the difficulty is how to reconcile them. Bishop Chapon suggested at least one line of thought in the way of reconciliation. Mr. Sharon does that scant justice in his summary. I do not insist that Bishop Chapon's explanation is complete, but I think that we American Catholics should at least be able to appreciate its significance and force. We have seen in this country some strange groupings of people in politics at times, yet we do not draw from them the stern conclusions that we apply to France in this matter. I admit that it is not an easy matter fully to explain the contrast between the people of France and the Government of France in the last forty years. But I venture to say that France has never been other than fundamentally Catholic and, please God, never will be, though she may have seemed to be superficially pagan. Such at least, we may confidently assert is the opinion of Pope Benedict XV.

In the Consistory held on December 4, 1915, the Pope appointed three new Cardinals, all from France. This appointment gave France *eight* Cardinals, a number larger than France had had in the college for *several centuries*, and on the occasion of their creation the Holy Father publicly pronounced the following words:

It is not merely to Brittany, not merely to Normandy, nor only to the see of St. Irenæus that We wished to attest

our good-will. It is assuredly a pleasure to Us that the Roman purple is about to cover the insignia of the Archbishop of Rennes on the eve of his double jubilee to reward fifty years of service in the priesthood, and twenty-five in the episcopate, so, too, it rejoices Our soul to be able to raise to the dignity of the Cardinalate the distinguished prelate who in the three dioceses of Verdun, Bourges and Rouen has shown himself to be a pastor after God's own heart. And at this moment Our thought takes flight to the dear Grotto of Lourdes where in days never to be forgotten it was given to Us to cement with him the bonds of old friendship; not less are We rejoiced to be able to base upon the merit acquired by him at Grenoble Our most willing grant of the sacred purple to the new Archbishop of Lyons. But why conceal the fact that in honoring the shepherds we have wished also to honor the flock? Why should We not say that in manifesting our good-will to three sons of France We have wished to say again that there burns ever in Our heart a strong flame of love for the country of Clovis, of Louis and of Joan of Arc? Let then the hymn of gratitude which Catholic France raises to the Lord for the happy lot that has befallen it echo round Our throne. We rejoice to have strengthened its attachment to the Holy See in the confidence that We shall see fulfilled the prayer, but lately made by us: "Utinam renoverentur gesta Dei per Francos!"

Shall we Catholics in America be more "Catholic" than the Pope where France is concerned? Shall we on the ground of our Catholicism desire that the France which is so dear to his heart, which he has been delighted to honor most signally in her time of sternest trial, shall be destroyed for sins which *he* lays not to her soul? "Anti-clericalism" is a curious phenomenon. It is found only in Catholic countries where, it seems, the same schools turn out both anti-clericals and saints. Possibly anti-clericalism is, in its essence, mainly a perverted faith. Doubtless many things might be enumerated among the factors that cause it.

However that may be, I may fairly ask whether there is today in the world a nation which exhibits a more heroic devotion to the Holy See and a more ardent missionary spirit than does the French people. And if these be not the marks of a "Catholic country" by what marks shall we know one?

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

More Chaplains

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Under the above heading you published an editorial in your issue of October 27, pointing out the need which Catholic soldiers have of Catholic army chaplains. You say:

Yet it must be confessed that the nations of Europe, which have shown such marvelous efficiency in other details of military preparation, have broken down rather lamentably in this matter of according their Catholic soldiers on the battlefield the ministrations of priests. The following excerpt from a letter written by an Irish chaplain with the forces in France to the *Irish Catholic* emphasizes the disastrous consequences of such a short-sighted policy.

Then follows a piteous account of the absence of a Catholic chaplain in the field and on a hospital ship. You then add: "To the credit of the Government of the United States be it said that there has been no disposition on its part to deny its Catholic soldiers and sailors the consolation of religion."

I fear very much that many of your readers concluded from your editorial (1) that the British army refuses to supply an adequate number of posts for Catholic chaplains; and (2) that this is the result of a disposition on its part to deny its Catholic soldiers and sailors the consolations of religion. I presume that you did not intend to convey this impression, for you are doubtless aware that it would be quite at variance with the facts. Since June, 1915, when the British establishment for Catholic chaplains was increased from one to three per division,

the trouble has been, not to find posts for Catholic chaplains, but to find a sufficient number of Catholic chaplains to fill the posts. Since the establishment for Catholic chaplains was increased from three to four per division in the summer of 1916, the number of vacant posts clamoring for priests who do not arrive has been considerable, sometimes as many as seventy. Lt.-Col. Father Rawlinson, O.S.B., D.S.O., Assistant Principal Chaplain in the Field, B. E. F., France, has in letters to the press clearly pointed out that the responsibility for the lack of chaplains lies, not with the military authorities who have provided the posts for them, but with the ecclesiastical authorities who have not supplied a sufficient number of priests for the posts.

In an army division of the British or Canadian forces, numbering about 18,500 of all ranks, there are at least seventeen chaplains, of whom at least four are Catholics. Of the Catholic chaplains, three hold the rank of captain, the fourth is usually a major. Both in the British and in the Canadian forces there is a Catholic chaplain for at least every 1,000 Catholic soldiers, and no Catholic chaplain can properly attend to more. Were there the same proportion of commissioned chaplains in the American armies, the Knights of Columbus would not have to supply K. of C. chaplains, who, be they twice as zealous as the army chaplains, cannot minister to the soldiers as satisfactorily as commissioned chaplains. The United States, with one chaplain for every 3,600 soldiers, is going to war with one branch of its great army hopelessly inadequate. Great Britain corrected that mistake two years and a half ago. America is surely too shrewd to lag behind very long.

Ottawa, Canada.

MAJOR JOHN J. O'GORMAN,
Canadian Chaplain Service.

Chaplains for English and Irish Divisions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a reader of AMERICA since its first issue, and although I do not think I have ever missed a copy, I consider the article "Religion on a Silver Platter" by Charles Dawson one of the most timely that has ever appeared. Certainly it expresses the thought of many of us, namely, that if the Allies are in the serious need of priests that news reports indicate, a large number of the younger clergy could readily be spared for service at the front.

Many of us are anxious to serve. We are not less generous than our friends, many of whom hastened to the front to serve as physicians, construction-workers, ambulance drivers, etc. We wait for the call only from the proper authorities. Every one understands that a priest cannot leave his appointed place merely because he thinks he can be of greater service elsewhere. I am convinced that once such a call comes, and the assurance is given that our priests will be received in English regiments, the response will be generous and hearty.

The chaplaincies in our own army are for the few. There is a long waiting list, which will be drawn upon only when the Chamberlain bill, increasing the number of chaplains, becomes a law. It will be considered at the next session of Congress, and may or may not be passed. All of those who have signified their willingness to serve were moved to do so by the sense of duty to their Church and their country, and many would no doubt be equally satisfied to serve in English or Irish regiments.

I have in mind two young priests who seriously discussed offering their services to Cardinal Logue, when that great prelate's letter, emphasizing the need of priests at the front, appeared in the Catholic press. But since the question of passports, episcopal approval, and acceptance by other authorities enters into the matter, they thought it better to wait until some authoritative call for volunteers was issued.

There are a number of priests of forty years and over who

would make excellent chaplains, but unless the Chamberlain bill changes the regulation age they cannot qualify for our own army. Some of these would undoubtedly offer their services for regiments now at the front. John Ayscough's memoirs of his own service with fighting regiments, so delightfully related in "French Windows," is sufficient evidence of the worth of the right kind of a chaplain even if he is over forty years of age.

Your own editorial in a very recent number voiced the need of chaplains in the United States National Army and incidentally brought out the distress of Catholic soldiers now at the front but deprived of the ministrations of their religion. Mr. Dawson's article is a good-natured and kindly demonstration of the fact that many of us could well leave what we are doing and hasten to the thousands who must face their Master without the grace of the Sacraments. Perhaps through your columns a way might be pointed out how volunteers from the ranks of the clergy might express their readiness to serve with English or Irish regiments.

Cincinnati.

F. H. R.

The Life of Father McKenna

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I feel constrained to make a protest against some remarks of T. F. M. in his review of my life of the late Father Charles H. McKenna, O.P., which appeared in AMERICA for November 10, page 114. Nothing could have been farther from my mind than to insinuate that the missions given by the Dominican Fathers in the East from 1866 to 1870 "were an innovation." And I totally fail to see how T. F. M. could even dream that "an incautious reader" might draw such a conclusion from anything contained in my book. The splendid work of Fathers Hecker, Baker, Damen, Weninger and the other good missionaries mentioned by T. F. M. I know perfectly well. My narrative reflects upon it in no way. Their work was not mentioned for the simple reason that my subject did not call for it.

I might plead guilty of giving Newark's third bishop the name of Wiggers, instead of Wigger, and of writing Baxter street for Bleeker street, if my MS. and the proof-sheets did not reveal the fact that the typesetter made the errors and then failed to correct them, although they were marked for correction. I would, however, that these had been the only such errors to occur. Indeed, I had marked these and other typographical errors for correction in the second edition before reading T. F. M's review. But T. F. M. would lead the "incautious reader" to believe that Father McKenna never even gave a mission for Mgr. Burke.

That such typographical errors will creep into a large work is evident from T. F. M's brief review, in which we read: "It was Father McKenna, who, in 1896, secured the dispensation from the restrictions of the Clementine Constitution that has since permitted the establishment of the Holy Name and the Rosary confraternities in more than one parish of a *diocese*." It should be: "in more than one parish of a *city*."

Washington.

V. F. O'DANIEL, O.P.

The National Teachers' Agency

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention is called to your article, "For the Nation's Gaiety," in the issue of AMERICA for November 3. I note with real surprise that Lackawanna, N. Y., is included in the list of cities mentioned. I assure you that Lackawanna should never have been placed on such a list and there is no excuse for its being so listed. I wrote only one letter to this agency and I enclose you an exact copy of the letter. You will observe that there is no excuse for saying that we advertised for a person of any particular religious belief. I assure you also that I have

never advertised for a person of any particular denomination. I have always been careful not to mention a teacher's religion, if I did know it when discussing her with a board or board-member. I have never asked a teacher-candidate her religious views. I have always tried to list the several candidates by their ability and teaching efficiency. My education and early training have been along broad lines and I have been taught from a boy not to discriminate against anyone that is upright, honorable, etc. I resent very much any statement or inference that I have even a remote desire to favor people of any religious sect.

I am writing the National Teachers' Agency that they must correct this serious error and notify you accordingly or prove that your statement is erroneous. I enclose you also copy of this letter. I hope that you will insert my statements in as prominent a place as that given to Lackawanna in the original article.

Lackawanna.

A. H. MATHEWSON.

[AMERICA reprinted without change the circular sent out by the National Teachers' Agency. Lackawanna was listed as calling for a Protestant teacher.—ED. AMERICA.]

Air-Raids in London

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have a sister who is an Ursuline nun in a convent situated about ten miles east of London. She writes under date of September 30 concerning the recent air-raids:

We have had a bad week of it at night and I suppose cannot expect much different till about Thursday next. Last night was the worst yet. We were all in bed, most people thinking a good night lay before them on account of the previous notice of "raid at six o'clock" and then "all clear" about seven; but I, for one, expected them later. At 9:10 we heard the enemy machines, very near evidently, and then the guns all around made a deafening noise and as those nearest us left off, the guns nearer the city took it up and we could hear furious firing till the sounds died away in the far west. After about twenty minutes the reverse process began and we could trace the progress of the raiders eastward and off the scene.

Shortly afterward another one, or rather batch, came in from the southeast. We could hear violent firing at it along the south to southwest and then off again. That lasted till about 10:20, when all was quiet again; but we stayed up till 12:30, as only then did the notice "all clear" come. The children, however, lay down on their beds after refreshments of hot wine and biscuits about 10:30 and slept very quickly. No bombs were dropped anywhere near here and I only remember hearing one over toward the southeast. We are beginning to get accustomed to the actual raids, but so many disturbed nights close together are very trying. It is wonderful how little it seems to upset the children. They come to chapel and pray aloud with us in perfect darkness except for the lamps before the Tabernacle and Our Lady's statue, and as soon as it seems over they are chatting and laughing over their refreshments in the refectory without a sign of fear or nerves and go off to sleep again in a few minutes after getting back to bed.

Under date October 2 she writes:

On Sunday night the firing of the big guns all around here was terrific and the raiders were not gone until after ten o'clock. I saw six at one time when they were between the moon and us. Last night [Monday] the first notice of them came at about seven o'clock and we put out all the lights and waited. The guns began at 7:50 and continued with not longer intervals than five minutes till 10:45, the "all-clear" signal not coming for another forty-five minutes. The noise of the raiders was worse than the previous night and some of the Sisters counted as many as twenty-five at one time.

It is harrowing to think of women and children being subjected to such constant anxiety.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1917

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The Changed Address

IN the moment you read that henceforth his address was "The American Expeditionary Forces" you lived through the agony of years. Many a mother read it through her tears, and the brief legend stirred love in many hearts. Yet in its deep longing, its tenderness, its yearning to shield him from all harm, that love would not hold him back. There was pride in it that one dear to us had crossed the sea in answer to his country's call to fight for liberty. Wreathed with love, his name lives in hearts that can grieve but never forget. They are the hearts of mothers who bear their sorrows to the merciful Master; the hearts of children made sanctuaries by the Eucharistic Christ, whose every throb is a prayer that God "may bring him back," with peace secured through victory, speedy, righteous and stainless.

Immeasurable is the cruelty of the man who would add one degree of suffering to the burden of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and sweethearts, so brave in their sorrow, who remain at home to watch and work and pray. Hence to suppress false reports of reverses in the field, is a matter of deep concern to all men worthy the name, and no doubt, is engaging, as it should, the attention of the authorities at Washington. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that what seems a conspiracy for the propagation of falsehood is at work. Last spring the utterly unfounded report of a great battle in which our navy suffered severe losses appeared almost at the same time in many American cities, and with it came grawsome tales of wounded men transported to the naval hospitals. More recently, under circumstances that point to a common source, statements that soldiers were committing suicide in the various camps were circulated, to be capped by the preposterous statement that the secretary to the President, discovered in treasonable acts, had been sentenced to death by a secret tribunal.

The harm done by the thoughtless repetition of these "rumors" may be very great. We may look for more and even sillier reports, before the war is brought to a successful conclusion. If bad news comes, and it may, let us not make it harder to bear by foolish exaggerations.

A Day of Thanksgiving

"**I**T has long been the honored custom of our people," writes President Wilson in his proclamation fixing Thursday, November 29, as Thanksgiving Day, "to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation." Every truly patriotic American will frame the wish as he reads these words, that this custom may long prevail and that the day may never come when his countrymen will forget to turn to the Guide and Ruler of the nations and thank Him for the wise and beneficent Providence with which he sways our destinies. When Presidents begin to neglect this solemn and official act of faith, and we no longer lift our hands to God, who has so visibly and almost miraculously watched over the birth and the growth of our great republic, the days of our true greatness will have passed away and America will be as the empires which forgot God and whom God, forgetting in His turn, abandoned to their own weaknesses and follies, to corruption, decadence and decay.

Never more than in the present hour did our country need to turn to God. His mercies have been great, it is true, but to try the mettle of which we are made and to school us to a sterner discipline, He has summoned us to a great sacrifice. A great test fronts the nation and its sons. If they feel no gratitude for the blessings God has showered upon them, they will not win the graces which they need in the struggle now. God alone can give these favors. He alone can guide our President and the men who with him decide the destinies of the country, to wise, humane, and patriotic measures. It is only His to give our people unity of mind and heart in the gigantic task to which they are all summoned. From Him, too, will come the victory that must crown our arms and lead us to a just and lasting peace.

To forget God now is national suicide for the American people. War is terrible, but sometimes it is a necessity. And like necessity it is a stern teacher. We have been summoned without fault on our part to breast its crimson tide. The call comes like a summons from God to awaken us from our selfishness and worldliness. The nation had been treading dangerously near the edge of the precipice of greed, luxury, and coarse pleasure, down which it would soon have been hurled. With all its horrors the call to war is a summons to America to regain her nobler self, to turn to God amidst the purifying fires of trial and self-sacrifice and bend in submission to His holy will. By doing so nations become truly prosperous and

great. The old Roman poet was not mistaken when he said of his sires that it was because they were obedient to the gods that they won the empire of the world. While we shall thank God for His blessings, to our *Te Deums* of praise we shall add, in the beautiful words of the President of the United States, the prayer that by God's grace "our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened, and that in His good time, liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth."

Idols of Clay

THE cult of the bogus genius, according to H. L. Mencken, in the New York *Evening Mail*, has bewitched the American people. To prove his assertion, he enumerates the idols and the "rages" of the women's clubs since the time of the Spanish-American war. The women's clubs unfortunately have not been the only ones to worship at the shrine of false and hollow deities. In every rank of society the worshipers have been found. The writer quoted enumerates the idols to which the incense of thousands has been offered. In 1899 the idol was D'Annunzio, it was Strindberg in 1903, in 1913 it was Rabindranath Tagore. In 1917 the fad, according to him, is the Gary plan, in 1914 it was the Montessori system. In 1902, and would to God it were confined to that year, the criminal folly of the hour was race-suicide, that of 1915 was the Russian ballet. For some time Maeterlinck was the favorite upon the pedestal. At another time Verhaeren, H. G. Wells, Pastor Wagner, Bergson and Brieux occupied the niche of fame. Thus it goes on and one of the most reasonable and best-hearted people in the world sacrifices its good sense and its fine instincts in this foolish worship.

The ease with which the American people can thus be hoodwinked is an unhealthy sign. There is a tragic element in it which is alarming. It is an index of the lack of deep and solid principles. If our men and women, with all the keenness of their usually bright minds, and the goodness of their hearts, can thus be deceived by every pretentious pundit and self-advertising faker who in reality is laughing at their amazing credulity, it is because they have no stable and substantial principles either in religion, literature or art. They are carried about by every wind of doctrine. Provided that it carries along with it some beguiling message to lull their senses to a false security or tickle their restless fancy, they are quite willing to be deceived. Were they to stop for a minute and test these passing fads by some simple standard of art or faith they would soon find out how absurd they are, in some cases how criminal. Then their authors and originators would be discarded to the limbo of oblivion which they so thoroughly deserve. A sensualist like D'Annunzio, a wearisome pedant like Strindberg and a pseudo-mystic like Tagore would find but a handful of idle followers. There are countless idols of clay set up

at the present moment in the niches of honor to receive the worship of the foolish throng. The hand of a fearless iconoclast is needed to destroy them pitilessly and to raise up in their stead nobler figures and ideals. If these could be brought home to the American people, they would only too gladly hold them in honor and esteem.

A Novena for the National Welfare

FOR Catholics duty to country is next after duty to God. This has been impressed upon them by the solemn teachings of their Church, for while the Church declares without fear and without compromise that her children must render to God the things that are God's, she makes them realize that they must also render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. She upholds all legitimate authority and commands her children under the sternest penalties to obey it. Her children are untrue to her when they are untrue to their fundamental duties as citizens.

The nation's welfare must therefore be dear to the heart of the true citizen. He must do all in his power to promote it. He should do so in peace, far more so in the dangers and perils of war. Then it is that his true spirit is shown and that the genuineness of his patriotism is tested and proved. Forgetting all selfish considerations his whole heart and soul should be given up to the one thought, the country's good. To that good everything should be sacrificed.

Not all can sacrifice their wealth or their lives. All, however, can use a weapon more powerful than the rifle or the sword, prayer. It is the prayer of the innocent children that brings down victory upon the father's arms, the supplication of the mother and the wife that proves the best shield for the soldier. It is the prayers of the head of a nation, prostrate before the throne of God, that bends His heart to give victory and peace. It is not therefore astonishing that the President of the United States a few days ago fixed a day of prayer for the victory of the American arms and the return of peace to a suffering world.

In the same spirit Catholics throughout the country will unite in a novena for the national welfare, to close on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Mother of God, and Queen of Peace, and will entrust to the Ruler of the world through her pure hands the welfare of the nation. Through Mary Immaculate they will pray to the Lord and Master of life and death, that He may protect our people. From every Catholic Church in the country a fervent prayer will be addressed to Him that the drums and the trappings of war may soon be silenced, that victory may soon grace our battle flags, and that furled in honor, without a single stain of injustice or cruelty to mar their beauty they may be carried triumphantly home. Today in the midst of the sorrows and the tragedies afflicting our own beloved land and bleeding Europe our novena can have but that one

purpose, a speedy victory and peace. Our country's welfare, her destinies, her fate, her honor, we shall entrust into Our Lady's hands. The Immaculate Mother of God is Queen and Patroness of the United States. She will listen to our prayers, and present them to her Son. They will not remain unanswered.

More Pestiferous Prejudice

HERE are those who tell us, not without some degree of factitious pride, that in this country every man has a fair chance to make the best of himself. Birth, race and creed, be they what they may, never constitute an obstacle to progress.

Three times recently America has shown this to be the purest kind of "piffle," good enough for a Fourth of July oration or an after-dinner speech on Thanksgiving Day, but altogether out of joint with the facts. A fourth instance in point is set out in the following letters which will perhaps convince a doubting Thomas or two that in some parts of this broad land a Catholic is less esteemed than a dead Dowieite or a lame Mohammedan.

SOUTHERN TEACHERS' AGENCY
W. H. Jones, Manager
COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 26, 1917.

Mr. John P. Judge, Jr., 3301 Elgin Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

MY DEAR MR. JUDGE: I regret exceedingly that I did not inform you of numerous places. This was certainly not due to any want of confidence in your ability, but simply to the fact that you are a member of the Catholic Church. This prohibits my nominating you for ninety-nine out of one hundred places received by our Agency. Practically without exception, our patrons require Protestants. Now be assured that there is absolutely no prejudice on my part. Personally I would as soon employ a Catholic as a member of any other church. This does not alter the fact, however, that throughout the whole South there is a prejudice which renders it practically impossible to place Catholics in public school systems.

I shall be very glad indeed to return your membership fee if you wish me to do so, or I shall be glad to continue to try to place you. I am sending you some vacancies herewith.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. JONES.

The aggrieved Catholic replied in these words:

BALTIMORE, MD., 3301 Elgin Ave.,
October 29, 1917.

Mr. W. H. Jones, Columbia, S. C.

MY DEAR MR. JONES: I acknowledge and thank you for your very kind letter in reference to my standing with your agency.

There is only one comment that can be made regarding your statement that practically "ninety-nine cases out of a hundred" teaching positions in the public schools of the South are closed to any American of the Catholic Faith.

It is a sad and pathetic reflection on the narrow and bigoted state of mind of those so-called educators at the head of the Southern school systems that at this late date they still persist in discriminating because of "race, religion or previous condition of servitude."

It is sadder still when you reflect that at this very moment one-third of the army that is fighting the battle for the freedom and liberty of the world is of the Catholic Faith.

I shall take the liberty of giving some publicity to this startlingly un-American prejudice.

Very truly yours,

JOHN P. JUDGE, JR.

Mormons and Holy Rollers, Shakers and Quakers and all sorts and conditions of men, save only Catholics, are fit for schools in the Southland—alas, for the sweet Southland!—in unexplored Jersey, and in sundry towns and villages in other places.

It is to be hoped that Thanksgiving orators have still time to correct their forthcoming orations and that some day Catholics will attend the schools of Hillel and Shammai and learn to take care of themselves.

"Per Crucem ad Lucem"

IN a moving address Cardinal Mercier made to the people of Brussels on July 21, 1916, the eighty-fifth anniversary of Belgium's independence, that heroic prelate promised his flock:

Today, in fourteen years' time, our restored cathedrals and our rebuilt churches will be thrown widely open; the crowds will surge in; our King Albert, standing on his throne, will bow his unconquered head before the King of Kings; the Queen and the Royal Princes will surround him: we shall hear again the joyous peals of our bells, and throughout the whole country, under the vaulted arches of our churches, Belgians, hand in hand, will renew their vows to their God, their Sovereign and their liberty, while the Bishops and priests, interpreters of the soul of the nation, will intone a triumphant *Te Deum* in a common transport of joyous thanksgiving.

Before the light of victory breaks, however, as the Cardinal reminded his hearers, the cross of sacrifice and suffering must be nobly borne. He then called his flock's attention to the fact that the just war they are waging, in spite of its horror, is full of austere beauty, for the conflict has brought out the disinterested enthusiasm of a whole people which is prepared to give its most precious possession, even life itself, for the defense and vindication of things which cannot be weighed, which cannot be calculated, but which can never be swallowed up: "justice, honor, peace, liberty," and thus the conflict has purified the Belgians, separated their higher nature from the dross, and lifted them to something nobler and better than themselves.

As the American people have now entered upon a war which threatens to be so long and costly that, before a victorious peace comes at last, it may demand from every man and woman in the country sacrifices similar to those the valiant Belgians have made, let us hope that our leaders and rulers may find in us the same heroic virtues that Cardinal Mercier and King Albert have found in their people. If the privations and sufferings inseparable from war will but purify our national soul, fill us with the fear of God and teach us to value justice, liberty and honor more than any worldly possession, this war will prove to be for our country a heavenly blessing for which we too can sing a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving when we welcome home our victorious troops.

Literature

NEW FRANCE

THERE are certain characters among men whom we either love or hate; they may be good, they may be bad, they are not indifferent; we cannot ignore them. They do not pass us by, they arouse emotions in us. They may pain their friends, they do not lose them; their enemies may not understand them, they do not cease to be troubled by them. Nations are like that. France has given many surprises to those who do not understand her, and many painful moments to those whose trust in her has failed a little. To those who confound faith with political action, she has seemed faithless; to those who thought her selfish, her sacrifices have seemed a miracle; to those who thought her decadent, her warrior virtues seem something new; for those who thought her Socialistic, her patriotism has been a revelation. We know better now. Since the war has brought home to us the hard plight of the missions, we know she could not have been wholly atheistic who had in the missions three-fourths of all the missionaries, and who supported them by sacrifice and generosity; she could not altogether have left the ways of the Spirit, who could so valiantly practise the Christian virtues of courage, patriotism, resignation and hope. Certain men once discovered a new land and called it New France; yet it was always there before. The true, essential France was always there; we could not see it, our judgment was superficial. It is said of the people of a certain nation that whatever their wanderings and faults, they "always keep the faith". We must be prepared to admit as much for France; she has kept the faith. What she did lose for a time, and lose at a crucial time, were leaders, her intellectual élite. In France more perhaps than anywhere else, the thinkers have power to rule her politics, and after 1870, symbolized by the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine, her thinkers, her real men, sank under the humiliation and disgrace into a sort of fatalistic resignation in their will, and in their intellect surrendered like Renan, to the rationalistic vagaries and false mysticism of Germany. And in politics, a clique of men mostly of an alien race, moving the puppets of a few mediocre vote-getters, ruled, and almost ruined France. France sees it must not happen again.

But as usual, time and truth had their revenge. The real élite, men like Brunetière and Bourget, came over early, but for ten years before the war, it is no exaggeration to say that around writers like Péguy and Vallery-Radot a revolution was preparing only to merge into the great war. It all seems to have begun at the Normal School of Ste. Barbe, where by the way St. Ignatius once sat on the benches. To the atheists and free-thinkers a few young men paid back their own coin. They did question everything, even their own masters! Grace accomplished the rest, and one after another many brilliant young men rediscovered the Christian inheritance of Frenchmen. In all the prose and poetry of men like Péguy, Vallery-Radot, Psichari, Lamouroux, Lotte, Jammes and Claudel there seems a well-defined plan; pitiless criticism of what was, and rapt enthusiasm for what was to be in thought, art and action.

Though Claudel has now the center of the stage, in those days Péguy was the acknowledged leader. In "*Cahiers de la Quinzaine*," which he edited, he sent out regularly the most austere and relentless messages of loyalty and fairness of patriotism and Christian hope, while Vallery-Radot in "*Cahiers de l'amitié de la France*," in more restrained language waged the "intellectual offensive" against laicism, liberalism and Modernism, and pointed the way for the future paths of Christian art; Joseph Lotte edited a magazine for university-students in the same sense; Lamouroux one also for the teachers in

France's schools; Renan's grandson, Ernest Psichari, came out of the Sahara with new-found faith and a book of the highest art, "*Le Voyage du Centurion*," the account of his own conversion, and Claudel preached in drama and poem of sonorous and purest French the doctrines of the Incarnation and the teaching office of the Church.

From a study of this artistic and religious movement as we see it in Vallery-Radot, Psichari and the latest poems of Claudel, it is clear that their first achievement was the triumphant criticism of their own teachers Renan, Comte and Taine. In them they first saw clearly the three great separations, that the Renaissance introduced into Europe: art separated from belief, philosophy from theology, poetry from law. With Péguy, Vallery-Radot in his collection, "*Le Réveil de l'esprit*," waged unceasing warfare against the lies of politics, the spirit of modern science in human morals and history, where it does not belong, the laboratory system in human life, where it ignores the main thing, the soul. Modernism, he sees, lost the Incarnation and with it the idea of the Church and its sacramental system of grace was divorced from life. "Come back!" he cries, "let us have all of Christianity, no concessions, but Catholicism as it is, pure and high, with all its glory of sacrifice and faith." For him the Incarnation is not the mystical word of German Protestantism, but the fact of an intimate and real inter-penetration of the sensible and spiritual: in Claudel's language, "The word is Christ which tells the Ineffable what It is," and in Psichari's, "The knowledge of the price we are worth and the dung that we are, two equal but contrary certitudes, meet their accord only in Jesus Christ." Hence, for Claudel, (in "Rome") the modern fact, Jesus Christ in our century, is Rome, the place where all roads meet; the world does not contain it for it contains the world, "St.-Pierre-du-Vatican, who keeps the keys, and the gate where all pass to the Beyond."

With this love for the Church, it is not surprising to find their love of country just as strong. More than any others the French realize that religion and patriotism go together; they are both virtues, theologians tell us, against which it is possible to sin, in thought, word and action, as against any other. It was their experience, as it is ours, that those who once attacked religion are the first to be false to country. In a page of remarkable logic, Psichari, the soldier, accounts for his faith ("Centurion," p. 771), in which, by a close process, he works from his acceptance of military authority to that of all, and hence religious, authority. One without the other is false. Humble submission to the Church is their slogan to a generation thirsting for sacrifice and suffering. A patriotism that nobly refuses to place self before country is their offering to the republic. Says Claudel: "Here is our blood we have shed in place of tears for France. Do with it what Thou wilt."

So in art we find Vallery-Radot preaching, and Claudel practicing, the same doctrine. The latter has been called the "great lyric revelation of our time," yet we find his roots reaching down to the very well-springs of faith, that faith which the former tells us must henceforth be the source of art, for art is before all a homage to the creator, God. Christ, then, must come back into art, and then only we shall really have vision, far surpassing the dream of the unbeliever. Grace perfects, it does not supplant nature; it is knowledge, too, and it perfects both the faculty and the object of knowing; it is the true nature, for it is nature as its maker made it, "a prodigious work, a frieze, whereon are unrolled the glories of God, a cathedral stretching to its Lord the longing branches of its piers and vaults." And once again we end on the familiar note of sacrifice, for such an art, the new

medievalism, must of necessity give up much that is modern, but falsely true to the age. Yet this art will not be "pious" and sentimental, but—Claudel is always the ideal realized—alive with burning actuality.

We must not, however, imagine these young men were mere dreamers; they were down in the market-place, they were acting. They were mostly teachers, and we find Lamouroux and Lotte the centers of well-defined movements for a revival in the primary schools of France through the direct action of the new generation of Christian teachers on their pupils. As to the result, we must wait. Almost all, Psichari, Péguy, Lotte, Lamouroux, have given their lives for their country, offering them in death for the triumph of the Church. It was but natural that they fell; they were "the best," and any place but the most dangerous was the less good. But can we believe that their ideas will die? Individuals perish; the truth does not, because the truth does not depend on the individual. "God needs not men, but sacrifice," said one of them, and were we too much attached to men maybe we would see less of truth. Maybe, too, the war was a "necessary sin," without it there could well have been defeat, only with it can there be victory. And history shows that some nations have been bad and oppressive in victory, but chastened in defeat; France has always been bad in defeat but heroic and Christian in victory. That is for her one of the moral issues of this war; may it not be for us an additional motive why we should help her win it?

J. WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

REVIEWS

The False Decretals. By E. H. DAVENPORT, B.A., New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

The false decretals have been a controversial storm-center for centuries. They have proved a serviceable and handy weapon when there was a question of slandering the Catholic Church and of holding her and her Pontiffs up to scorn as the champions of forgery and fraud. Few subjects require such wide and painstaking reading and research, such powers of analysis, such minute acquaintance with a remote and confused period of history. Yet the false decretals have been time and again dealt with by writers who had none of these qualifications. Mr. Davenport, however, is not of these, for he has many of the requirements of the genuine scholar and he is evidently anxious to find the truth. Though Catholics will not subscribe to all his statements, they will admit that he went to his task with the intention of solving honestly a historical problem.

Mr. Davenport discusses the environment of the false decretals, their influence, their nature as a forgery, and as a reform. In an appendix he briefly touches upon some incidental topics such as their date, which he places about 850, the relationship of the pseudo-Isidorian forgeries, proper, to other collections, all of which were published, the author maintains, not to heighten the power, prerogatives and pretensions of the Papacy, but for the protection and the advancement of the Frankish priesthood. These related forgeries are the "Collectio Hispana Augustodunensis," "The Capitularies of Benedict the Deacon," "The Canons of Isaac of Langres," and the "Capitularies of Angilramnus of Metz." Mr. Davenport makes it clear that the false decretals of the Isidore to whom they are ascribed were not made for the benefit of the Papacy, that they were written without its connivance and even without its knowledge and that their part in the development of Papal supremacy was comparatively insignificant. He takes issue with Schaff, who calls the decretals "a High-Church fraud," that must be "traced to the Father of Lies." According to Mr. Davenport the collection was rather what we might call "legend" and was in keeping with the "hagiographic" methods of the age. They were the outcome of the political and ecclesiastical conditions in northern Gaul during the ninth century. The Frankish Church was losing,

along with its power and prestige, the respect and the love of the people, and was becoming the tool of the State. The "pseudo-Isidore" wished to purify that Church. He never dreamt of advancing the claims of the Papacy. To help on the work he garnered from old collections of councils, letters of Popes, and decrees of synods, all that he thought fit to further his end and thus by advice and warning to lend authority to his words. He invented documents, rearranged them, eking out his authorities when there were lacunae to be filled in. "It was not a forgery," says Mr. Davenport, "but legend and in another sense, a legal fiction." Modern historians pretend at least to frown down upon such methods. In his concluding words the author writes that the false decretals, based upon law and custom, embodied a conception of Papal authority "which after the disintegration of the tenth century and the turmoils of the age of Hildebrand was to be held and practised by Innocent III." Some Catholic scholar should again take up the relations of the false decretals to the various Popes and refute the charges made against these for the use they are said to have made of documents which they knew to be spurious. Like many other accusations made against the Papacy this one also would soon disappear, no doubt, when carefully examined in the light of unprejudiced scholarship.

J. C. R.

The Ways of War. By PROFESSOR T. M. KETTLE, Lieut. 9th Dublin Fusiliers. With a Memoir by His Wife, MARY S. KETTLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

Into this very readable volume are gathered eleven papers bearing on the war, most of which were written while their brilliant young author was staying in Belgium during its invasion or while subsequently fighting in France. Professor Kettle was killed at Ginchy, September 9, 1916, as he led a charge, and "The Ways of War" is a sort of *apologia pro vita sua*. The book opens with an admirable memoir by his wife, who is the sister of the late Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. In sketching her husband's career she indicates so delicately the charm of his personality and the striking character of his talents that her readers cannot but share the "Quis desiderio" emotion that "Tom" Kettle's countless friends felt when they realized that he was no more.

The Germans' perfidious and ruthless invasion of Belgium, which he witnessed while buying rifles in that country for the Irish Volunteers, was chiefly what made this ardent Nationalist decide that his duty lay in doing all he could to win Irish recruits for the "army of freedom." "The absentee Irishman today," he said, "is the man who stays at home." In his opinion the Easter week uprising spoiled the "dream of a free Ireland in a free Europe," and committed him so unreservedly to the attitude he had taken that he managed to have himself dispatched to the front without delay. Mrs. Kettle says of her husband:

He died that Ireland might not be the specter at the peace conference of nations. His last thoughts were with Ireland, and in each letter of farewell written to friends from the battlefield he protests that he died in her holy cause. His soldier-servant, writing home to me, says that on the eve of the battle the officers were served with pieces of green cloth to be stitched on the back of their uniforms, indicating that they belonged to the Irish Brigade. Tom touched his lovingly, saying: "Boy, I am proud to die for it!" Ireland, Christianity, Europe—that was what he died for. "He carried his pack for Ireland and Europe. Now pack-carrying is over. He has held the line." Or as he says in his last poem to his little daughter, he died—

"Not for flag nor King, nor Emperor,
But for a dream born in a herdsman's shed
And for the secret scripture of the poor."

Among the essays in "The Ways of War" the best are "The Gospel of the Devil" in which the author shows how Bismarck,

Nietzsche and Treitschke are chiefly responsible for leading Germany on its career of "domination, cruelty and planned barbarism"; "The Soldier-Priests of France," in which many of their deeds of piety and heroism are described, and "Under the Heel of the Hun," which gives vivid pen-pictures of what happened during the first days of Belgium's invasion. However violently the readers of this volume may disagree with Professor Kettle's politics and policy—and since the book was written the spirit of Easter week has clearly gained the ascendancy in Ireland—most of them will probably regard the early death of this brilliant and winning young Irishman as one of the saddest tragedies of the war.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Wishbone" Catholics who think nothing of using a planchette, attending spiritualistic séances, practising hypnotism, etc., will find a salutary corrective for this dangerous folly in the November 22 issue of the *Catholic Mind*. In "The Ethics of the Ouija-Board" Father James F. Barrett tells what perils lie in the thoughtless use of that uncanny instrument, and in the following paper on "The Mischief of Spiritualism," the recent decree of the Holy Office on the subject is explained, and to prove that not all spiritualistic manifestations are frauds, a French canon describes the unmistakably satanic origin of some of them.

Florence L. Barclay has dedicated her recent novel, "The White Ladies of Worcester" (Putnam, \$1.50), to "faithful hearts the world over," presumably because it holds up the mirror of fidelity. The first faithful heart is that of an abbess, whose vocation, true to the Protestant tradition, is the usual story of a broken heart seeking solace for disappointment in love, and evaporates rather rapidly when, discovering that her lover has been faithful, she throws herself, in spite of the cloistered sanctity of the heart of a nun and her immaculate habit, into his strong arms. The second faithful heart is that of a blameless knight who surreptitiously enters a convent and claims the abbess as his bride, inducing her, after a decent struggle, to give up her vows, and, although she has a dispensation from them, to steal out of her monastery with all the secrecy of a thief. The third faithful heart is that of a bishop, who is himself in love with the abbess in a Platonic sort of way, is led by his affection to give up the prospect of preferment in order to be near her and watch over her; who preaches heresy on the comparative worth of the religious and married life and on the religious life in general, connives by every means in his power, not excluding the condonation of gross deception, to assist the abbess to throw off her fetters, and in the end marries her to her betrothed. The book is not without artistic and literary merit, and is lacking in the extreme sentimentality of "The Rosary," but it hardly commends itself to right-thinking people as a lesson of conspicuous fidelity, and its plot Catholics will of course find objectionable.—"Missing" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50), by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a conventional war-story, portraying the restrained wooing by an honorable man of the wife of an officer in the British army, who is reported missing. The husband is discovered towards the end of the novel and calls for his wife, and, after bidding her not to mourn him too long, very conveniently for all concerned proceeds to die. The book is not remarkable in any way, except that it has all that finished workmanship and keen appreciation of the beauty of nature, which has long been associated with the best work of the author.

The following poem, called "Easter Week," is dedicated to the memory of Joseph Mary Plunkett, and is one of the finer lyrics in Mr. Joyce Kilmer's recent volume, "Main Street and Other Poems" (Doran, \$1.00).

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave."
Then, Yeats, what gave that Easter dawn
A hue so radiantly brave?

There was a rain of blood that day,
Red rain in gay blue April weather.
It blessed the earth till it gave birth
To valor thick as blooms of heather.

Romantic Ireland never dies!
O'Leary lies in fertile ground,
And songs and spears throughout the years
Rise up where patriot graves are found.

Immortal patriots newly dead
And ye that bled in bygone years,
What banners rise before your eyes?
What is the tune that greets your ears?

The young Republic's banners smile
For many a mile where troops convene.
O'Connell street is loudly sweet
With strains of "Wearing of the Green."

The soil of Ireland throbs and glows
With life that knows the hour is here
To strike again like Irishmen
For that which Irishmen hold dear.

Lord Edward leaves his resting place
And Sarsfield's face is glad and fierce,
See Emmet leap from troubled sleep
To grasp the hand of Padraig Pearse!

There is no rope can strangle song
And not for long Death takes his toll.
No prison bars can dim the stars
Nor quicklime eat the living soul.

Romantic Ireland is not old.
For years untold her youth will shine.
Her heart is fed on Heavenly bread.
The blood of martyrs is her wine.

EDUCATION

Recalling a Nursery Tale

WITHOUT undue tax on our memories we can recall the adventure of Simple Simon, as the old nursery tale recounts it. Simple Simon met a pieman as both were on their way to a fair. And Simon, with an especial liking for sweets and delicacies, asked for leave to taste. He had, it is presumed, whetted his appetite by much looking and sniffing. In the course of nature he wished to eat. Likewise in the course of nature, the pieman with thoughts on profit rather than on undue, profitless pleasing of patrons, desired to make sure that the prospective purchaser who stood before his tempting wares had the means of becoming an actual purchaser. When Simon was found without a penny, we can readily picture the supercilious stare with which the simpleton was greeted, the tradesman's elevation of eyebrow to indicate scorn and pity, and the climactic swinging away of the tray of goods to others who could satisfy the merchant's longing for gain.

In youth we often wondered at the simplicity of Simon; we pitied him because he did not seem to realize the basic nature of commercial transactions. We felt sorry for him, too, because he had to satisfy his appetite with longing only and iron the groaning creases from his stomach by a smart application of his hands. Merely this and nothing more was left to him, for, poor fellow, he had no penny.

THE PARALLEL

THE story of our youth finds a partial parallel in the educational processes of our time. The parallel may not have been applicable to the education of Simon's time, whatever that was, but it certainly applies today. Educators of today, perhaps not those who lead, but at any rate those who often seek to lead, have assumed the role of pieman, and they are out in the prominent

places displaying their wares on a tray. They are not exactly like the pieman of old; he was satisfied if he obtained his penny before you ate of his goods. The pieman of today takes his penny before he bakes his pies, again when he sells them, and yet again after you have eaten. The process of getting an appetite, a filler for that appetite, and the digesting of that filler, do not last so long as the process of payment.

Make a mental notation of the educational schemes that have been introduced into the schools during the past few years and observe what a business-like array of salable goods the educational pieman has to offer. I will go through a few of them: Kindergarten work, playground work, educational dancing, first aid, safety first, the shop-class-room, manual training, vocational education, the crafts, self-government, the Montessori system, the Gary plan. These are some of the more prominently displayed, though there are many, many others which have made the business of the salesman of education thrive.

THE PUBLIC

THE public is Simple Simon. When I use that term I give myself and thousands of others a dignified name. The city editor of a daily paper would blue-pencil it and supplant it by "goat." Yes, the public is the goat, because it is paying for this experimentation before, during and after, often for years after. Simple Simon's predicament was as nothing compared to ours. He went without, and though he knew it not, he fared well. The temporary practice of self-denial solved his difficulty. Today, we who purchase so constantly of educational wares and pay for their very manufacture are being victimized on a grand scale, over a lengthy space of time. I do not mean to create the impression that the fads of modern education have no good in them. They possess good in some measure, and it is just that which makes them all the more dangerous. A Gargantuan, Falstaffian lie deceives no one; but the lie with a nice bit of truth in it ensnares us all if we do not watch carefully. By way of parallel, the fads which have been offered us have also a large element of truth. They are partly good, they may serve a purpose. The lie that deceives us is the explanation made by their fathers that they will solve the educational problems which we find so trying in our schools. The father of each fad makes the same plea for his child. Each of the fads in its place would be no fad; each of the fads given all the place is still a fad, and like all fads, will fade, fall and give rise to another crop. Through all this process Simple Simon has been paying and paying. Too late he awakens to the realization that his food is not at all nourishing, though in all conscience it may be filling enough.

In our boyhood and girlhood days we pitied Simple Simon because he had no penny and because he had to do without that which he wanted; in our mature days, when we can spare a half-hour for contemplation aside from the smooth track of the rushing, work-a-day world, we are bound to pity the Simple Simon of now, not because he has no penny, but because he has plenty of them and lavishes them on all the fads that are offered; not because he has to deny himself, but because he is stuffing himself with food that will do him no good.

THE LOVE OF NOVELTY

ONE of the most prominent notes of our present-day life is struck in the key of change. We grasp at anything new, merely because it is new. We allow the goods of another day to fall into decay, or become the possessions of others. We are always ready to take in their place something that gleams and shines to heaven with a new finish, in spite of the fact that the polish is slavered on veneer which soon cracks, curls, chips and crumbles. Streaked through all of present-day life you can see the same error. Newness is against goodness; fashion successfully curries favor. The auto is sold because it will bear the greatest strain in the shortest space of time. You can get ten years' work out of it in ten hours. The furniture which adorns

our homes is not what it professes to be, and when examined proves to be shoddy. Its fashions change from season to season and it is built to last only that length of time. Mother does not hand down her clothes to her much-more-than-modern daughter. There are a thousand reasons why it would be impracticable; but one of the most important is that the dress of today is not made to last.

In much of our education it seems to be the same. Allowing for the changes of modern society which come about through legitimate means, fads in education are altogether too plentiful. We are essaying the role of Simple Simon with variations. We are paying too plentifully for what we get. Is there a remedy?

SIMPLE FOOD

WHEN I was a little fellow I often wondered what Simple Simon did when he had finished the partially alleviative massage of his stomach. I wonder now. The answer seems to me to be that if Simple Simon had the simplicity given of God, a mighty gift, to be rated only one step lower than angelic wisdom, he wandered home in due time and helped himself to bread and cheese! And as he devoured this real food, all thought of the delights he might have obtained from the pie of the pieman left his mind. We of today, too, need more of the bread and cheese of education. We have been treated to too many of the delicacies. They are costly, first because they are expensive, and next because they create a demand for a painkiller internally and a physician externally. Will we begin to appreciate that we need bread and cheese? Will we throw off the role of Simple Simon? Let us make the piemen put in a stock of bread and cheese. We are their market, and there never yet was tradesman who did not supply the demands of his customers.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER.

SOCIOLOGY

The Supreme Moral Safeguard

THE Chamberlin Bill, which has passed the Senate and will be brought before the House at the commencement of the next session, provides for an increase in the number of chaplains to correspond with the larger number of troops in each regiment, according to the new plan of organization. In this connection it may be profitable to call attention to one element of the work of Catholic chaplains which is not generally appreciated at its true worth.

The Government of the United States is to be strongly supported in its energetic efforts to safeguard the morals of our soldiers. Honor to the men who have had the clear vision and brave resolve to plan and to take measures to accomplish a thing so necessary and creditable to our nation. Only those who are familiar with the inner history of past wars can fully realize what an honorable innovation the Government of the United States has introduced in the conduct of this one.

But if it be permitted to make a pertinent and fruitful observation in this regard, we venture to call the attention of those in control of this branch of the Government's activity to the supreme moral safeguard which they are able to afford to at least a very great part of our American soldiers. It is the safeguard of frequent Communion. The non-Catholic can scarcely conceive the reverence in which Catholics hold the Blessed Sacrament. Since, under the appearance of bread and wine, is present Christ Himself, the Saviour of mankind, this Blessed Sacrament has for the Catholic a sacredness inviolable and to the non-believer almost inconceivable. In order worthily to receive so sublime a Sacrament, the Catholic is required by loyalty, reverence, the solemn law of the Church and the very nature of the Sacrament to purify his conscience so that it may be free from mortal sin. This implies a sincere sorrow for past offenses and an honest resolution with the help of God's grace to avoid grievous sins in the future. Now, according to the teachings of the

Catholic Church, any deliberate offense against the virtue of purity is a grievous sin when committed with full knowledge and deliberation. Therefore, a Catholic who approaches the Holy Table must be sincerely sorry and regretful for any offense against purity which he may have had the misfortune to commit, and must have a firm and practical resolve to avoid such sins in the future and to keep from occasions, persons and places which would probably lead him to the commission of evil. It is clear, then, that our Catholic soldiers who approach the altar must have beforehand just that disposition, that practical, solid, sincere resolve to keep clean and pure in body and mind which it is the wish and purpose of the Government to promote in the army.

COMPARISON OF AIDS TO PURITY

OF course there are other aids to purity which are being insisted on and provided for by the Government in the camps. Amusements, exercise, healthful games, anything that will keep the mind occupied, is a preventive of vice. But these are mere extrinsic aids. The most powerful of all means are those which affect and strengthen the will, and supreme among these, for Catholics, is the practice of frequent Confession and Communion. The experience of everyday life has shown for centuries that the most powerful of all means of preserving innocence among young men and young women is the practice of frequent Confession and Communion. This is a matter of everyday observation. Indeed, after some time it grows to assume the impressiveness of a modern miracle that so many young folk exposed to severe temptations and differing in no other way from many around them, preserve such entire innocence.

THEIR SAFEGUARD LIES IN THEIR WEEKLY COMMUNION

FOR them it is a periodic occasion of a searching of conscience, sorrow for sin and a firm resolution not to sin again and to avoid occasions which would lead them to break the Commandments. Moreover, the influence of frequent Communion as an aid to purity does not confine itself to the individual alone. A man who goes frequently to Communion has the determination and the courage to resist evil, and such a one will not tolerate evil talk, so far as it is in his power to prevent it. The unconscious influence of example which his determined cleanliness of mind and body spread around him is a powerful aid to the weak and a constant reminder to his comrades. Where a number of men of the regiment go often to Holy Communion it certainly follows that the morals are immensely influenced for the better. These men have received the Body of Christ only a few days before, and they are looking forward to receiving that Blessed Sacrament again in a few days. Their recollection is a silent, powerful influence, reminding them of self-control, safeguarding them from sudden temptations and making it a part of their life to avoid every thought which is vile and to resist with their whole strength any temptation which tends to make them unclean and unfit to receive the God of purity and holiness. Whether one believes or not in the presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the objective influence of Communion must remain undisputed. Any sensible person can see that the Blessed Sacrament is a great source of moral strength and protection for those who do believe that Christ is present in the Eucharist and that he who eats His Flesh and drinks His Blood unworthily eats and drinks damnation to himself and dishonor to the Most High.

COMMUNION AND HOME INFLUENCES

AGAIN, an incidental effect of frequent Communion for the soldier, and one by no means to be overlooked, is that it puts him in touch once again with the most sacred influences of home. In the life of the camp he lacks the safeguards which family life, the influence of his parents and brothers and sisters, and the good example of all his friends, have hitherto set around him. But when he kneels before the altar, no matter where that altar may be, there come back to him the most sacred and moving memories

and emotions, those of his First Communion, of the occasion when he went to the altar side by side with his mother, father, sisters and brothers, holy memories and emotions are all renewed by the sacred act of approaching the Holy Table. Surely there is gain in this.

If it were possible for the conscript to go home once a week and look into the pure eyes of his mother, tell her all he had done since he saw her last and feel that she knew intimately his every thought, word and action, it is obvious that this would make for clean living, no matter what the temptation. But Catholics of firm and true faith, who go each week to Christ and receive Him into their inmost hearts, looking in spirit into His pure and all-seeing eyes, enjoy an experience more salutary and more powerfully efficacious for cleanliness of body and mind than even a visit to a mother.

THE EFFECT OF CONFESSION

MOREOVER, when the young man kneels to confess his sins to God through His representative the priest, he searches his conscience, makes a sincere act of sorrow for his sins, and forms a practical and determined resolve to avoid sin and the occasions of sin. The moral efficacy of this determined resolution made under such solemn circumstances week after week can hardly be overestimated.

The officers in command of our army are not unaware of the force of these reflections. They are extremely anxious to have the Catholic chaplain's influence for their soldiers. They realize the efficacy of Confession and perhaps to some degree the influence of frequent Communion. But the full force of what we have been saying was perhaps never brought home to them, otherwise they would be still more eager that every Catholic soldier should have the benefit of this moral safeguard.

Moreover, this influence is the more efficacious because it works from within. Police regulations, healthful activities, entertainments, these things are all very well as far as they go, but at a certain point they break down, and it is not always possible in the rough necessities of war to keep the soldiers in good moral surroundings. When they go to France, what will they meet there? The statistics are not encouraging. We must strengthen our men from within so that they will be able to be good not only in favorable circumstances but even in the heat and flame of terrible temptation. This is best done by frequent Confession and Communion; their influence never fails. They supply the incentive, the firm, moral resolution which will carry the men through the very flame of temptation.

For these reasons it is most expedient to give our Catholic young men every opportunity for weekly Confession and Communion. There will have to be special provision made in many cases. While some of the regiments have Catholic chaplains, there are others, composed in large measure of Catholics, which will have very little chance of approaching the Sacraments frequently, unless special provision is made. Thus we have recently heard of one regiment, which is more than one-half Catholic, but the chaplain is a Baptist minister. While this regiment is in camp with a regiment having a Catholic chaplain, much may be done to promote weekly Communion, but when they are removed to a post where it is difficult to obtain the services of a priest, the men can hardly go to Communion frequently. The Government will do well, therefore, to make special provisions for this supreme moral safeguard to the Catholic soldier. They will find many of the men excellently disposed to this holy practice. Chaplains tell us that when the Blessed Sacrament is reserved from one Mass to the other, the tent where it is kept is thronged with soldiers, and crowds kneel outside in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Give them an opportunity for weekly Communion and then they may be trusted even in the severest temptations to keep their bodies clean and their minds pure, for they will be helped by the most powerful motive in the world to cleanliness and decency.

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Failure of Protestantism

THE war is bearing so hard on the nerves of men that many people are speaking their minds freely and in a most interesting way. The latest addition to this group is Charles Reynolds Brown, dean of the Yale School of Religion, who recently lectured to the students of Goucher College, Baltimore, on "Four Hundred Years of Protestantism." According to the Baltimore *News* he declared that Protestantism "had not fulfilled its promise because it was not brave enough to exalt and insist upon the imperialism of Christ's spirit." The *News* continues as follows:

Whereas, the Catholic Church with its seven Sacraments, the lecturer said, touches life at every point, the Protestant Church had not been willing to make an honest effort to reach human needs. He complained bitterly of the sectarianism that divides the body of Protestantism and which makes of the Church not a strong cable about humanity, but has frayed it into many strands, each of which is not strong enough to sustain the whole. There is nowhere a great Protestant Church, he declared, equal to the great Catholic Church.

The war, Dr. Brown maintained, is the greatest challenge to Protestantism since the days of Luther. But if the Church is to rally herself now, he argued, she needs most of all a great leader, a man of the temper of Lincoln with "malice toward none," whose broad and catholic temper could sweep together the antagonistic elements into a re-united Church.

But if all this be true why is Dr. Brown giving his life to the propagation of Protestantism, an utterly discredited cult in his eyes? Because he is a Protestant.

The Vicar of Christ
and the Jews

THE petition of the American Jewish Committee addressed to the Vatican to secure its intervention amid "the increasing horror of the unspeakable cruelties and hardships visited upon their coreligionists in various belligerent lands," and the benevolent reply of the Holy Father are reproduced in the "American Jewish Year Book 5678" (September 17, 1917, to September 6, 1918). The publication of this correspondence, we are told, called forth universal comment of a favorable nature. As an instance, the remarkable words of "the notorious French anti-Semite," Edouard Drumont, editor of *La Libre Parole*, are quoted. Describing the reply of Rome as "cordial, charitable and consoling," he says:

These citizens of the United States, who have given proof of such splendid solidarity on behalf of all the scattered members of their race, appear to me to be more inspired than all those monarchs, all those leaders of peoples, who are tainted with the general skepticism and who have denied the moral force of the Church. Those who govern have refused to listen to the representative of Christ on earth, the man who, without a kingdom and without an army, and, from the temporal point of view despoiled of everything, as he is, still remains a sovereign. No appeal has ever been made to this sovereign in all the peace congresses which have ended in the present catastrophe. . . . By a strange phenomenon, those who, in their belief and in their religion are furthest removed from Christian doctrine, now ask the help of this beneficent and world-wide influence.

Referring then to the words of the New York Jews, in which they recall "with admiration and gratitude" the benevolence which the Papacy had on numerous occasions shown them in the past, Drumont continues:

They can, indeed, recall long persecutions, innumerable years full of intense anxiety, always threatened by perils just as agonizing. They cannot forget that during more than 1,200 years one man alone has constantly spoken in their behalf, has declared without cessation that their liberty of conscience must be respected, has intervened with kings in order to protect the persecuted, has given the example of

tolerance by according to the Jews in his domains better treatment than was accorded to them anywhere else. This man, always equal in his goodness, this man who never dies, is the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The reply of the Vatican is described in the Jewish Year Book as "a virtual encyclical against anti-Jewish prejudices."

"Some Little Bug
Will Get You"

THE following clipping from *Milestones* adds a new emphasis to the warning constantly repeated in the burden of that popular song, "Some little bug will get you, if you don't look out":

When we were boys we always held that cut finger under the pump and washed it out. But the *Red Cross Magazine* now tells us that such a proceeding was dangerous in the extreme and makes us wonder how we ever survived. The danger is that the water will carry germs deeper into the flesh where they can get a more tenacious hold upon you. It is even worse to touch a wound, for there are billions of germs on your hands waiting for just such a chance to jump at you. Peroxide is as dangerous as water, says this authority, for it carries the germs in, and is not strong enough to destroy them. The fitting to do with a wound is to apply a sterilized bandage and let it bleed. The blood will carry out the germs, and if you don't bleed to death you will survive germless.

It is probably exceedingly "bromidic" to draw a comparison between the horror wherewith we are taught to avoid the germs of physical disease and the supreme complacency and toleration shown in the presence of the miasmic infection breathed out from countless books, papers, theaters, Sunday supplements and a thousand sources of moral corruption. Yet the point is always well taken and deserves repetition, until the lesson may possibly be brought home at length to those entrusted with the care of public morality.

Two Views of
the War

"BETTER editorials than I or any other editor can write are being written by the young men who, for an ideal, are giving up their lives in France," says the editor of *Every Week*, quoting the letters of two boys who both sacrificed their lives for their country at the early age of nineteen. To "the France of tomorrow" the thoughts of Alfred Eugene Cazalis turned before he fell in his last brave charge:

It is not for death I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was—or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the war mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all?

And to his kinswoman Jean Rival wrote the day before his death, asking her to console his mother:

If time goes by and she hears nothing of me, let her live in hope; keep up her courage. Then, if you learn at last that I have fallen on the field of honor, let your heart speak those words that will bring solace. This morning I attended Mass and received Communion some meters back from the trenches. If I die, I shall die as a Christian and a Frenchman. . . . God guard me to the very end. But if my blood is needed for our triumph—Thy will be done, O Lord!

So on each side of this great conflict souls are drawn nearer to God in this fiery ordeal. But we must not overlook the equally undeniable fact that together with heroic virtue the most flagrant vice is often known to flourish in the trenches. While some profit by the lessons of the war, others return with manhood and innocence ruined. No efforts therefore which can be made to surround our young men with all the safeguards of religion in the camps and at the front should be considered needless or superfluous.